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GENERAL BURNSIDE.

THE portrait of General BURNSIDE, which accompanies these lines, will introduce the reader to the face and figure of one of the most gallant of our soldiers—the Commander of the Army of the Potomac. It is from a photograph by Brady.

Major-General Ambrose Everitt Burnside was born of Scotch parents, at Liberty, Union county, Indiana, on 23d May, 1824, and is consequently in his thirty-ninth year. He entered West Point in 1842, graduated in 1847, eighteenth in a class of 38, and was appointed to the artillery. He accompanied Bragg's Battery throughout the Mexican war, and with it entered the city of Mexico. At the close of the Mexican war Lieutenant Burnside was detailed for duty against the Apaches in New Mexico, and served some two years in frontier warfare. In 1852 he was appointed to the command of Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island, and while there he married Miss Bishop of Providence. In 1853 he resigned his rank in the army, and devoted his time and energy to the manufacture of the famous rifle which bears his name. When Buchanan was elected to the Presidency, his Secretary of War, Floyd, agreed with Burnside to arm a large portion of the army with his rifle, and induced him to establish extensive factories for its manufacture. The works were no sooner complete than another gun-maker offered Floyd pecuniary inducements to break his contract with Burnside, who was ruined in consequence. Assigning all his property to his creditors, Burnside came to this city without a dollar, sold his sword and uniform in Chatham Street, and went West in search of employment. He found it in the office of the Illinois Central, where, as soon as his energies and capacity became known, he received a salary of $2000 a year. Of this sum he paid one half regularly to his creditors, until by the help of a timely legacy he was enabled to liquidate his debts in full.

The outbreak of the rebellion found him at work in the office of the Illinois Central at New York. His opinions on the state and prospects of the country had been frankly expressed not only to his friends here, but to the leading citizens of New Orleans, which city he visited in February, 1861. He told the Southerners that they were going to plunge the country into a terrible war, in which they would be crushed; and, like Banks, he constantly strove to impress upon the minds of his Northern friends his belief that the war was no such child's play as Mr. Seward and others wished us to believe. When the call for troops was issued on 15th April, he tendered his services to the Governor of his adopted State—Rhode Island—and was appointed Colonel of the 1st Rhode Island Regiment. At the head of this and other regiments, with the rank of Brigadier-General, he fought, and fought well, at Bull Run. He wept bitter tears that night at the result, which, in his opinion, might have been avoided by better management. On the appointment of General M‘Clellan to the Supreme Command, Burnside was appointed Brigadier-General, and was charged with the duty of brigading the new levies as they arrived at Washington. He and M‘Clellan were old friends, had served side by side in the office of the Illinois Central, and loved and trusted each other. In November, 1861, General Burnside set sail with his expedition for North Carolina. His brilliant triumphs at Roanoke, Newbern, and Fort Macon are matters of history; they proved him to be not only an able and skillful but a lucky General. His administration of affairs in North Carolina was characterized by judgment and sagacity.

After the six days' battles before Richmond, Burnside was summoned to the aid of the Army of the Potomac, and arrived at Newport News with the bulk of his army. He was soon after dispatched to Fredericksburg, and, subsequently to the defeats at Centreville and Bull Run, was given the command of a corps in the Army of the Potomac. He led the advance in the march of that army through Maryland, and at the battle of Antietam commanded at the post of danger—the Bridge. The final charge which carried the Bridge was led by the General in person.

When it was decided to remove General M‘Clellan, General Burnside's appointment to the vacant post followed as a matter of course. That he accepted it with reluctance can well be imagined; indeed it is known that he declined it twice. His esteem for General M‘Clellan was unbounded. It will always be remembered to his honor that in the dark days of last winter, when every one was complaining of M‘Clellan's inactivity, Burnside almost turned the tide by writing a letter in which he generously conceded the credit of his own victories to M‘Clellan's plans.

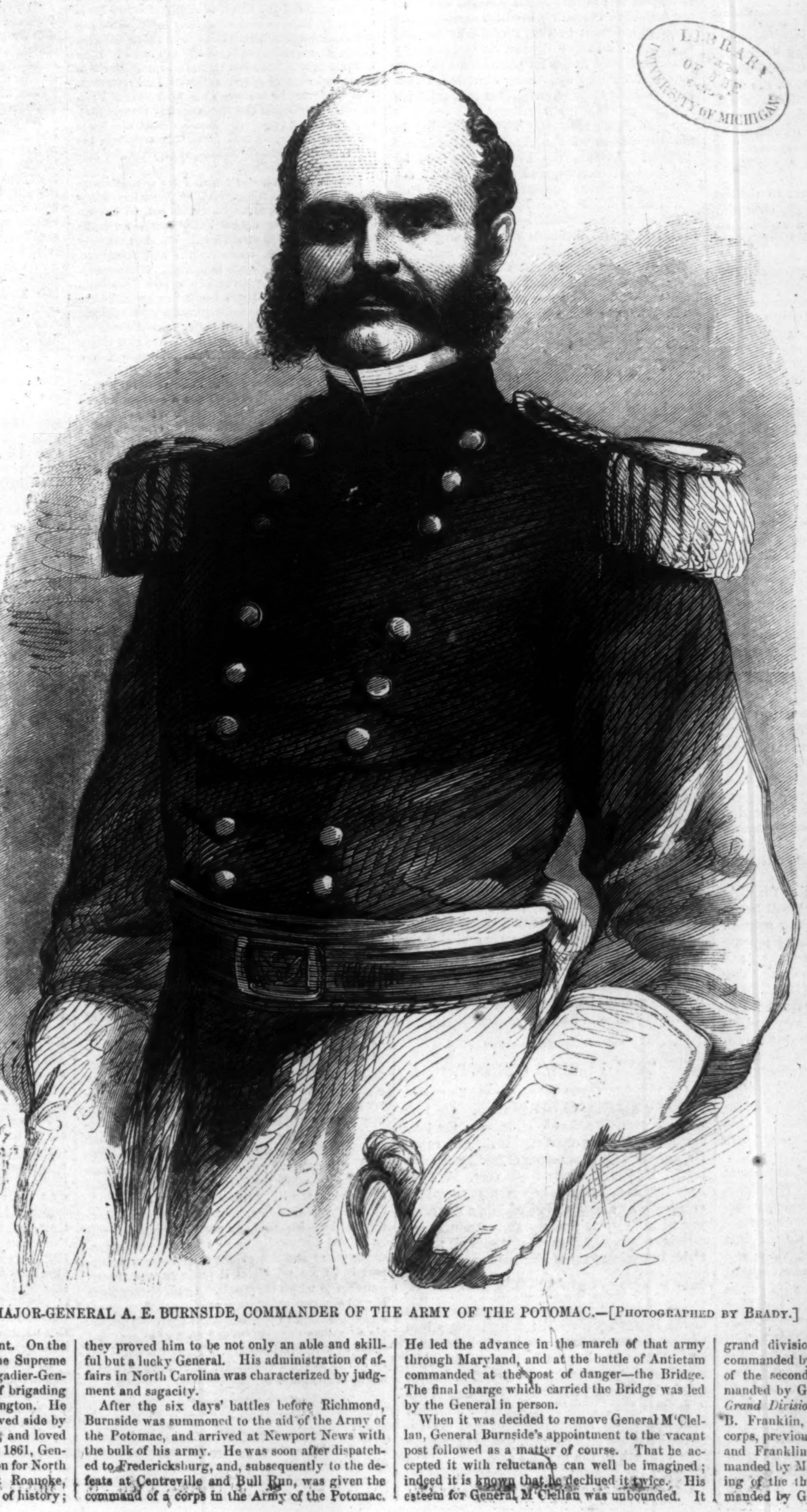
General Burnside, as his portrait shows, is a very handsome man. Tall and stout, with a flashing eye and a sonorous voice, he looks the very *beau-ideal* of a soldier.

It is pleasant to know that Burnside enjoys the utmost confidence and affection of the General whom he replaces. M‘Clellan spoke hopefully of him when he heard of his appointment. "Burnside," he said, "is the best and honestest of men. He is no Mr. Pope. He will do a great deal better than you expect." On 8th they were all day closeted together. When he had given him his plans, M‘Clellan signified his intention of leaving the field immediately to report at Trenton, in compliance with the order. Burnside, reluctant to part with him so soon, urged him to remain a little longer—the interest of the country demanded that he should. "Well," said M‘Clellan, to some officers around him, "I'll remain just as long as Burn wants me." "No you won't," replied Burnside, "for if you do you will remain with us altogether."

The *Times* correspondent says: "For an hour previous to M‘Clellan's departure officers poured into the car in a stream to bid him farewell. Burnside and he sat on the seat together in earnest, confidential intercourse. At length all had gone, and Burnside rose to leave. It was an interesting moment. M‘Clellan held out his hand, and Burnside seized it warmly in *both* his. M‘Clellan then placed his hand on the shoulder of his brother General, and with a look full of unutterable things spoke a brief parting sentence to him, which is *his* legacy, and not the public's."

Another correspondent says: "Congratulated on his elevation by an acquaintance, Burnside firmly replied, 'That, Sir, is the last thing on which I wish to be congratulated.' When, on Friday at midnight, the order assigning him to the command was brought from Washington he was deeply moved, and, going over immediately to General M‘Clellan's head-quarters, they sat up together in consultation during the whole night. This morning early I saw him walking up and down the balcony of the hotel which he makes his head-quarters in an absorbed, distraught condition, seemingly overwhelmed by the weight of responsibility resting upon him."

General Burnside is in command of the largest and finest army ever raised in America. We forbear to give an estimate of the numbers, but we may say that there are very few battle-fields in the world on which so large an army could be drawn up in line of battle. Perhaps Napoleon fought the battle of Solferino with fewer men. This great army has recently been subdivided into three grand divisions, namely: *Right Grand Division*, commanded by Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, consisting of the second and ninth corps, previously commanded by Generals Sumner and Burnside; *Left Grand Division*, commanded by General William B. Franklin, consisting of the first and sixth corps, previously commanded by Generals Hooker and Franklin; the *Centre Grand Division*, commanded by Major-General Joseph Hooker, consisting of the third and fifth corps, heretofore commanded by Generals Heintzelman and Fitz John



MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Porter. The eleventh corps, with such other troops as may be hereafter attached to it, is to constitute the reserve under General Sigel. This disposes of all the twelve corps of the Army of the Potomac. Dix, in Virginia, commands the seventh corps; Schenck commands the eighth corps in Maryland; Brannan, vice Mitchell, deceased, commands the tenth, in South Carolina; and the twelfth, we presume, will be left at Washington for the defense of the Capital. There is a rumor that Heintzelman with this corps may be detached on some special service. But of this the public will know nothing until the work is done.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

☞ THE severe illness of MR. WILKIE COLLINS has prevented our receiving our sheets of "NO NAME" in time for this week's paper, and we are therefore compelled to suspend its publication for one week. Our next number will contain the first chapter of the Sixth Scene.

ON TO RICHMOND ONCE MORE!

BY the time this paper reaches its readers every one will know that General Burnside has once more set the Army of the Potomac in motion toward Richmond. The first movement toward Richmond, under M'Dowell, was by way of Bull Run. The second, under M'Clellan, was by way of the Peninsula. The third, under Burnside, will be by way of Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg.

The advantages of this road are so obvious that non-military observers have not been able to explain why it has never been at least attempted by our generals. In the first place, a railroad runs all the way from Aquia Creek to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles; and though the rebels may, and, of course, will, tear up the iron and burn the ties, they can not destroy the smooth, hard road-bed itself, and this is what is wanted for the transportation of artillery and stores. Next, there are very few creeks of any consequence between the Rappahannock and the James on the line of this road, and only two rivers, the North and South Anna, which will not prove serious obstacles to an army as well provided as ours. The country traversed by the Aquia Creek Railway has not been desolated by the war, and some supplies can be obtained by the army, especially forage for the cattle. At this season of the year Spotsylvania, Caroline, and Hanover counties, in which the campaigning will probably be done, are healthy, possessing in this respect a remarkable advantage over the counties on the river James.

When we advance on Richmond from Aquia Creek, Fredericksburg will of course be the chief dépôt of supplies for our army. This town is some fifty-two miles from Richmond, and it is clear at a glance that, as the main army approaches the rebel capital, our supply-trains will be exposed to cavalry raids. It is impossible even for an army as large as Burnside's to protect a line fifty miles long, and preserve at the same time an adequate operating force in front. Stuart will undoubtedly be able to ride round the army of the Potomac again. But if Burnside moves as swiftly as Napoleon would have moved, these raids will be of no more importance than the burning of whalers by the *Alabama*. While Stuart is burning supply-trains, Burnside will be taking Richmond. It is only an army encamped and motionless which fears cavalry raids.

The indications are, moreover, that the main attack on Richmond from the North will be assisted by demonstrations from another quarter. We notice that the Richmond papers procure *Harper's Weekly* by some means or other, and we are therefore unwilling to reveal any thing which may as yet be a secret. But if Jeff Davis throws the whole of his army to the north of Richmond to oppose Burnside, he may find his capital seized by a sudden *coup de main* from another quarter. Our enormous army is beginning to tell at last. Perhaps the auxiliary force which will be intrusted with the duty of keeping up a counter-irritation in the interest of Burnside may not be numerically inferior to the army which M'Clellan commanded at Harrison's Landing.

In the mean time General Sigel remains at the Blue Ridge watching Jackson. That Jackson will distinguish himself by dashing movements and daring attempts, all who know the history of that brilliant soldier will expect. But he will find his match in the cool, wary, and active officer whom the President has set against him. We have all, or nearly, the gaps in the Blue Ridge: one or two perhaps may have been purposely left unguarded in order to tempt Jackson through; but the probability is that he will detect the trap, and will either try to cross the Potomac into Maryland, or will fall back by way of Staunton. In neither case is Sigel likely to allow him to do more than give fresh proofs of unavailing valor and dash.

Time presses. More than half of November is gone. In a month we shall again begin to have our ears dinned with the sickening old cry of mud, mud, mud! Let us hope and pray that our gallant Burnside will realize the vital urgency of the case, and will not lose a day or an hour in pushing forward at any and all hazards. Delays are now as fatal as defeats. If we do not take Richmond before Christmas the Army of the Potomac will lose more men from disease in their winter-quarters than have perished in the bloodiest battle of the war.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

INTESTINE broils are always accompanied by foreign embarrassments. Nations, like corporations, are soulless and selfish; they generally take advantage of their rivals' troubles to assail them. A couple of years ago no European nation cared to join issue with this country. Now that we are in trouble France, Spain, and England are all quarreling with us.

France claims from us the liberation of one Charles Heidsieck, a Champagne maker by trade, who, after the capture of New Orleans, volunteered to act as bar-keeper on board the steamer which was permitted by General Butler to run to Mobile, and in that capacity served as a rebel spy and mail carrier; for which crime he was very properly sent to Fort Pickens by General Butler. The French further claim indemnity from the United States for punishment inflicted by General Butler upon other Frenchmen resident at New Orleans, notorious and offensive sympathizers with the rebellion.

Spain claims indemnity for the burning in Spanish waters of the Anglo-rebel steamer *Blanche*. In fact, the *Blanche* was fired by her Anglo-rebel crew, and the officers of the *Montgomery* are as innocent as the Queen of Spain herself. But the Spanish Government relies upon the story told by rebel sympathizers in Havana, and demands smart damages for this and other pretended outrages.

England has no grievance at the moment. But a member of the British Parliament—Laird by name—is building war-vessels for the rebels at Birkenhead; a member of the British Government—Mr. Gladstone—seeing the progress made by Mr. Laird, congratulates Jeff Davis on his having "made a navy" as well as "a nation;" the leading organs of British opinion rejoice over the destruction of American shipping by the British steamer *Alabama;* and the Governors of the British colonies of the Bahamas and Bermuda grant their official protection to blockade-runners and rebel privateers, and refuse coal and supplies to our vessels. To all representations of Mr. Adams the British Government replies that it is without power to carry out its own neutrality laws.

There is no use whining about the injustice involved in this state of our foreign relations. The experience of the past year has proved that Europe would be well pleased to have the powerful republic of the United States divided into two feeble, jarring, and jealous halves. And that experience further shows that until we have suppressed the rebellion we shall be in no condition to undertake a war even with the feeblest of foreign powers. Whatever mischief these foreign enemies of our country may contrive we can only, as the boys say, grin and bear it. We are a young nation, and we can afford to wait.

If, therefore, France insists on reparation for the eminently just and proper arrest of the spy Heidsieck, and for the equally righteous penalties inflicted on other French rebel sympathizers at New Orleans, we must grant it. If Spain will not listen to reason, but demands that we shall pay for the steamer which Anglo-rebels burned in Spanish waters on the coast of Havana, we must pay. And though the blood of every American boils at the scoundrelly conduct of the Englishmen who are building pirate ships to prey upon our commerce, and of those other Englishmen in high station who encourage and abet the pirates in their infamy, yet still we have no choice but to bear it all patiently. We can not fight Europe and the rebels together. We must square accounts with the latter first. Then we may have leisure to deal with foreigners.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

ON 10th Mr. Chase asked the public to subscribe for $13,000,000 of 7.30 notes. On 17th the bids were opened at Washington; the total amount of bids was about double the sum called for, and the rate of premium offered by the successful bidders was over 3 per cent. We believe this negotiation to be the most successful ever made by a nation plunged into a desperate war with "varying fortunes and seemingly uncertain result." When the wretched traitor Cobb, in the last year of his employment as Secretary of the Treasury, called for a loan of ten millions he could not get it; and Mr. Chase himself, when he first assumed the management of the Department, could not negotiate a loan without strenuous exertions by patriotic bankers. Now, when he asks for money, the public offer him twice as much as he wants, and agree to take his Treasury Notes at a premium. Thus it appears that, notwithstanding all that has been said about mismanagement and the depreciation of the public credit, people have some faith yet both in the nation's solvency and the Treasury Department.

Our foreign friends will say, of course, that the loan was taken eagerly simply because it was paid for in the "depreciated currency," which the public wanted to get rid of. The best answer to this is the simple fact that in the three cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, the bankers who advanced $12,000,000 on account of this loan could not scrape together that amount of the "depreciated currency," and that they had to send to almost every Northern city to procure the requisite number of notes. The currency may be depreciated, perhaps; but it is certainly very scarce.

THE LOUNGER.

NATURAL PARTIES.

MEN are instinctively partisans upon the right or the wrong side of every question. We may say instinctively, because all great parties are but imposing manifestations of private convictions and bent of nature. Thus a man is by nature, so to speak, Catholic or Protestant. It is not education and habit alone that make him so; but he naturally leans upon external positive authority, upon precedents, and the result of experience; or he is naturally independent of others, self-reliant, has faith in enough salt in men to save them, believes in the future, and goes hopefully to meet it. If he is of the first kind he is a Catholic in Romish countries, and conservatively orthodox in Protestant. If of the latter, he is always and every where Protestant. His hands and feet, even his mouth, may conform under pressure. But his mind and heart are stout dissenters, and hospitably entertain every thought, every movement, that promises better things for mankind.

In this way you can reason from a man's convictions upon one subject to his opinions upon another. No grave, radical question can arise, public or private, but we all know how our friends will range themselves upon it. We are naturally Whigs and Tories, conservatives and reformers. There is always a chance in change. Consequently the theory of Conservatism, or the Establishment, always is, that you had better not take the chance for fear of the consequences. The ground of Reform is, that you had better take the risk for hope of the result. It is not fair to judge either tendency by individuals. Lord Mansfield was a Conservative, and John Wilkes was a Reformer. If you look no further you will choose to rank with Mansfield. But then Jeffries was a Tory, and Lord Somers was a Whig. Will you be Whig or Tory? So in our own nomenclature to-day Fernando Wood is a "Conservative," and Joseph Holt a "Radical." Which companionship do you select?

It is not fair to judge the merits of a cause from its supporters, because men may espouse the best causes, as they may woo the noblest women, for the worst reasons. But it is still true that men have a natural sympathy with one or the other side of every question. If De Tocqueville were living to-day there would be no doubt what opinion he would hold of this rebellion. Certainly he was neither a typical Whig nor Tory. He had too much perception and too much imagination not to feel the reason and enjoy the charm of the established order. But he had too much faith and wisdom not to desire its constant modification. He blended the excellences of both dispositions, but he leaned to Reform. Macaulay, on the other hand, was a much more ardent liberal partisan than De Tocqueville. But he had less conviction, less intrinsic faith in men and justice, and he consequently leaned to conservatism. If these two men could express themselves upon our struggle, undoubtedly Macaulay would stand with Gladstone and De Tocqueville with John Stuart Mill.

This truth of natural affinity is constantly illustrated in our own experience. There is always one party in the country which is a kind of King and Lazaroni party. We all know that the great mass of the ignorant and base, of the rich and timid, of the cynical and indifferent, of the skeptical and designing, will belong to it. There will always be many and splendid exceptions. But, meeting a man of either of these classes, you may be very sure you see a man who belongs to that party. There is always another party composed mainly of neither extreme, but made up of the great middle class of intelligent, industrious men, who have much faith, much enthusiasm, much independence, and who from their very qualities must, in the long run, be the minority party of the country. There will be plenty of corrupt men acting with it for various reasons, but the principles of the party will be just, elevating, and humane. And whatever the name or present policy of the parties which at any time divide the country may be, when they all dissolve upon any emergency their particles unite with others strictly according to this law. The mean, the designing, the ignorant, the base, the cynical, the timid, the skeptical, will combine under new names for the same old purpose, while the force of the moral character of the country will be thrown against it.

Whatever, therefore, may be the personal character of individuals of any party, it must and will be judged historically by its tendency, by its conduct, by the average character of those who support it, by the principles it professes, and the arguments to which it appeals. In all history there have been really but two parties—that of equal rights and that of privilege—the party of the people or a true democracy, and that of classes and races or a true aristocracy. There were and are no others in other countries; there have been and are no others here.

RICHARD COBDEN.

IT is curious and interesting to observe how the law of which we have just spoken operates in the distribution of the sympathy of representative foreigners in our rebellion. The latest illustration is that of Richard Cobden. He is a man who compels respect not only by his character and powers, but by his practical knowledge. He is not hoodwinked by any assumptions or sophistries. He puts people in mortal terror by his facts. He clubbed Lord Palmerston in open Parliament with the most tremendous statistics; and by actual figures and extracts from French reports, showed in a trenchant pamphlet, which charged in upon Lord Palmerston's loose talk like a mailed knight upon a flock of sheep, that he had for his own purposes scared England by the fear of a French invasion which was utterly groundless. There is one man in England, at least, whom Lord Palmerston can not bully nor Lord Russell cozen.

Mr. Cobden has lately made two speeches. The first was a consideration of the present state of maritime law, and of the imperial necessity to Great Britain of some change. But the very force and truth of his argument, based upon the dependence of that Power upon others, will disincline those others to accede to any radical change. In that speech he incidentally mentions the appalling poverty into which Lancashire has already fallen, and in which the poor population must sink still lower by Christmas, at which time there will be a million paupers to be cared for, so that, in his opinion, Parliament will have to make special provision.

"Of course, then, self-defense and our horror at a wicked fratricidal war waged for power against a brave people, struggling for themselves and for the rights of man against an intolerable tyranny—a war which Mr. Commissioner Mason expressly assures us is hopeless upon the part of that tyranny—will compel us to interfere!" shouts John Bull, impatiently.

By no means, returns Mr. Cobden. It would cost England more to interfere for six months than to feed her starving workmen for ten years. And besides that, it would not bring forward cotton. Moreover, if you ask me, he says, what I think of the war, I will answer that I don't pretend to see into a millstone, as Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have been gravely doing. But if I did, I should not see what they do. If the war should end soon, I don't believe it would result in separation. And why, pray, are you so eager for disunion in America while you cheer so lustily for union in Italy? If it is all right to make a Union in Italy against the established Governments, why is it all wrong for an established Union to maintain itself in America?

Mr. Cobden fully understands the fact that with us Union is identical with nation. He has traveled in this country with his eyes and ears open, and he knows the necessity of Union. He doubtless perceives that that necessity is the paramount and controlling consideration of the war. He knows, as most thoughtful men here acknowledge, that every thing will go sooner than the Union; and that if there are many who hesitate about the President's Proclamation, it is because the honest among them are not yet convinced of its necessity. They think that the Union can be saved without it. But the mass of these men know perfectly well that slavery is not necessary to the Union, and when they see that, on the contrary, it is threatening its life with arms, they will cry as the Tyrolese cried when the full force of the Austrian and French army was in the narrow pass of the Inn, with precipices upon each side—"In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!"—and down came the rocks, and trees, and avalanches of earth upon the enemy, utterly consuming them.

Mr. Cobden probably saw that, despite the educated hatred of the Southerners toward the rest of the country, the cardinal necessity of any great national existence here was the Union. That is an insight gained by actual contact. The other English orators, Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and the rest, speculate abstractly. They can not see why it would not be just as well for us to cover the continent with a happy family of seven by nine empires—a boundless contiguity of San Marinos. Mr. Gladstone alone, apparently, believes what was so strongly said by Mr. Seward, that the strongest instinct of the American people is for Union—stronger even than for Liberty.

AT NIBLO'S.

THE curtain falls upon the mute and pathetic parting of Jeannette and Jeannot. The children wish it were longer. The parents hum quietly the plaintive melody of the finale and remember other days. The great audience rustles and murmurs, and the spectacle of a cheerful crowd, for which Niblo's is immemorially famous, is once more renewed. Meanwhile there is hammering and scolding and rushing and scraping behind the drop. The huge curtain itself is bulged forward. There are the sense and sound of immense preparation, and the complacent curiosity of the children becomes intense and the waiting elders impatient.

At last the criminal delay of the orchestra is atoned for by the beginning of the music. The curtain runs up and discovers a group of workmen with wooden horses of various heights, which they begin to plant along the middle aisle of the parquet and up the stage. They fit them carefully together, lay long their elastic floorings between them, and finally unroll enormous mattresses upon them covering them with dark woolen cloth; so that there is now a carpeted and mattressed platform from the balcony in front of the boxes to the rear of the stage. Then for the first time you observe a little ledge projecting from the balcony of the second tier, upon which stands a stool; and to this a ladder is raised at the end of the long platform by a liveried attendant.

Every thing is ready. The music plays on. The murmur of the audience subsides. The bright little eyes are strained toward every point of the stage; and then suddenly from the side scene emerges the stout form of Gabriel Ravel—himself an institution of New York amusement—leading by the hand a boy, ten years old, the adopted child of the Ravels, John Haslon, called "Little America." The figure of the child is that of a young athlete, not Ganymede the cup-bearer, nor Oberon the fairy king; but strong, round, muscularly firm, compact, and energetic as a young Ajax. He makes his conventional bow of obsequious sweetness to each side of the house, then touches Gabriel's shoulder and alights upon the platform. Advancing to the point over the edge of the stage he bows again; then steps rapidly along to the ladder, mounts it, and stands upon the stool in front of the balcony of the second tier.

Do you observe, then, the trapezes hanging from the high dim roof of the theatre, four of them, with the cross-pieces; and can you, through your glass, see the marvelous breadth of the child's hands? There is a little natural apprehension, as you think, of the height, and see the mattresses, suggestive of falling, and then look at the clear-eyed, handsome boy. But here is Gabriel trying each trapeze to be sure that it hangs firm and true, and now he stands facing the boy and swings toward him the first one, which the boy catches, and, grasping stoutly with both hands, faces Gabriel, who holds the second ready. He nods; he draws it back; it swings far forward. Once, and the boy sees the range. Twice, and holding his own trapeze, he launches himself upon mid air, as smoothly, noiselessly, and perfectly as a swan takes the flood when she moves from shore. He catches the second, the third, and so with effortless grace swings from end to end of the vast space, leaving upon your mind the impression of a long reach of exquisitely swaying waves. From that moment the blithe aerial game goes on. He turns back from one to another, he hangs by his feet, he folds his body over the thin bar of the trapeze; he turns a somersault in the air and alights upon the swinging bar; he vaults backward and descends upon the platform, making his conventional bow; he climbs to his place again, and once more sweeps forward into space and revolves and darts swiftly amidst the steady swaying of the ropes. You fear for him no more than for white doves tumbling and sailing in the air. The whole scene is soft, and smooth, and noiseless. It has the effect of exquisite music. It is the utmost triumph of skill.

This wonderful young acrobat is a New Yorker by birth, but from his tenderest years has been trained by Gabriel Ravel. He is a bright, sweet, well-mannered boy, whom you can not think of as devoted to this career without sympathy and compassion, but whom you can not see without the utmost admiration. For a performance so perfect that it destroys all sense of peril, while it inspires new wonder for the capacity of the human frame.

BURNSIDE REBUKING PARTY-SPIRIT.

WE all have our favorites in war as in politics. We all believe that our own men are the best men, and our own way the best way. But this is a tendency which it is dangerous to indulge under the circumstances in which we are now placed. You may prefer one guide over the glaciers to the summit of Mont Blanc and I another. But we can not stop long to quarrel about them. We must do our best to get the best, then trust what we have, and push on. If you know the guide does not know the way, or is not strong enough to stand the work, you may give up the journey if you choose. But to give it up and dismiss the guide you have, because you had made a point of honor to take the other, is never to reach the top of the mountain and to stay a great fool in the valley.

Vehement partisanship about Generals is disheartening and dangerous. Have the people of this country taken up arms to exalt Buell or Frémont or Halleck or M'Clellan, or are they in Virginia and the West to save their government and the civil liberty of which it is the guarantee? Has the feeling for any General superseded devotion to the cause and the country? Would any man break his sword because Frémont was removed or M'Clellan is relieved? Then, in the name of Heaven, let him break it. Let us discover how many are of a like mind. And if there are many, and a majority, let us confess the contemptible contest in which we are engaged, and mourn over a people which prefers any man, however successful, however illustrious, however masterly he may be, to the welfare of the country and of all the citizens. And while we mourn, let us not fail to despise that people if its preference should be based not upon great and noble and conspicuous character and service, but upon party-spirit.

The dignity and spirit of General Burnside in dealing with an individual case of this kind is recorded to his lasting honor. Upon the removal of M'Clellan a young Rhode Island officer—and it is the first blot upon the story of that noble State in this war—said that "After this we may as well give up and acknowledge the rebels." General Burnside sent for him and charged him with the remark. The officer confessed it, and urged that he said more than he meant. "You have now an opportunity to retract it," said Burnside; "but if I were not personally acquainted with your antecedents and loyalty you would have been instantly dismissed. Neither you nor any other officer, high or low, can utter such sentiments and remain in this army." The offender made an ample apology. The General showed that he perfectly understands his position.

WITHIN THE REBEL LINES.

THE war has occasioned no more interesting work than the one to which we have hitherto alluded—"Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army." It is a short and simple story of a New Yorker who was impressed into the rebel service, and who served with his eyes and mind open. If it could be read by every man in the loyal part of the country it would inspire such resolution in the defense of the Government that the world would see what it has not yet seen—that this nation means to save its own life by the annihilation of the conspiracy against it.

There is one thing which the author mentions, and of which we have often spoken. It is an evil which increases every day, and which all faithful citizens should do their best to withstand. This evil is the furnishing information to the enemy under the guise of giving news. The papers of yesterday and to-day, for instance, teem with important intelligence for the enemy. If the Government can not remedy the difficulty, why does not the loyalty of individual editors prevent it?

Hear what the author, who has been thirteen months within the rebel lines, says:

> "I may here state that the Confederate authorities have complete control of the press, so that nothing is ever allowed to appear in print which can give information to the North or dishearten their own men. In this it appears to me that they have an unspeakable advantage over the North, with its numberless papers and hundreds of correspondents in the loyal armies. Under such a system it is an absolute impossibility to conceal the movements of the army. With what the correspondents tell and surmise, and what the Confederates find out through spies and informers of various kinds, they are able to see through many of the plans of the Union forces before they are put in execution. No more common remark did I hear than this, as officers were reading the Northern papers: 'See what fools these Yankees are! General A—— has left B—— for C——. We will cut him off. Why the Northern Generals or the Secretary of War tolerate this freedom of news we can not imagine.' Every daily paper I have read since coming North has contained information either by direct statement or implication which the enemy can profit by.....Sure am I that if a Southern paper would publish such information of their movements as do the Northern of theirs, the editor's neck would not be safe an hour."

The testimony of this work to the desperate hatred of the rebellious section toward the country is most valuable:

> "The force of public opinion in Selma was such that no man able to fight could remain there. The unmarried ladies were so patriotic that every able-bodied young man was constrained to enlist. Some months previous to this a gentleman was known to be engaged for an early marriage, and hence declined to volunteer. When his betrothed, a charming girl and a devoted lover, heard of his refusal, she sent him, by the hand of a slave, a package inclosing a note. The package contained a lady's skirt and crinoline, and the note these terse words: 'Wear these or volunteer.' He volunteered."

Contemplating this spirit, which is universal and not exceptional, the author vehemently exclaims:

> "When will the North wake up to a true and manly patriotism in the defense of their national life, now threatened by the tiger grasp of this atrocious rebellion?...... The North is asleep, and it will become the sleep of death—national death—if a new spirit be not speedily awaked."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCENE AT THE SESSIONS.

RECORDER (*to prisoner*). "How do you live?"

PRISONER. "I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked whether he'd be roasted or fried."

RECORDER. "We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow?"

PRISONER. "Any thing that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a man."

RECORDER. "We care nothing about the locomotive. What is your business?"

PRISONER. "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken."

RECORDER. "That comes nearer to the line, I suppose?"

PRISONER. "Altogether in my line, as the rope said when choking the pirate."

RECORDER. "If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months."

PRISONER. "I'm done, as the beef-steak said to the cook."

"Can you tell me how the word saloon is spelt?" was asked of a Cockney by a Philadelphian. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph; "there's a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen."

A physician, in speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

PIL-GRIM.—Are you fond of hymn singing? Take a note of a few. The first is the hymn we heard at chapel the last time—"Oh, take a pil, oh, take, oh, take a pil, oh, take a pil-grim home!" The hymn Brown heard—treble and soprano by the fairer portion of creation—"Oh, for a man, oh, for a man, oh, for a mansion in the skies!" The one Plunkins heard the base singer at—"Oh, send down Sal; oh, send down Sal; oh, send down Sal-vation!"

"Pray, Madam, what makes you so sedate?"—"Oh, I have taken a sedative!"

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity, "that he had two witnesses in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them."

Three boa-constrictors were recently landed at the docks, and one of the sailors of the ship which brought them from Africa says, "They are the most affectionate creatures he ever saw—always ready to embrace any body."

A good-natured fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, felt very poor one day, and was complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, an' I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray how?" "Lind money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will ever trouble you again."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

THE following General Order has been issued respecting the observance of the Sabbath day in the army and navy:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *Nov.* 16, 1862.

The President, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest; the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors; a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High. At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776, "Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded, and should ever be defended: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and privileges of his country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac is moving from its position near Warrenton toward Fredericksburg, sixty miles from Richmond. The line of march was taken up on 15th and 16th. Warrenton was evacuated on 18th, and General Burnside took up his head-quarters at Catlett's Station. The base of supplies will be at Aquia Creek, which is only nine miles from Fredericksburg, and connected with it by a railroad.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST,

Our advices from the southwest indicate the likelihood that a battle will be fought soon between the national forces under General Grant and the rebels lately at Holly Springs, notwithstanding the retreat of the latter from that position. A dispatch, dated the 14th, states that five regiments of rebel cavalry advanced on the previous evening from Lampkin's Mills to within two miles of Holly Springs, and that skirmishing was continued for some time, during which the rebels lost six men killed and seven commissioned officers captured. The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 14th says, "The fact that the rebels retreated from Holly Springs without a battle may be regarded as evidence that their force is not as large as had been represented. Advices of the 9th stated that Price had been re-enforced by Pemberton from the south, but even then they were not willing to make a stand. General Grant has a formidable and excellent army, large enough, undoubtedly, to drive the rebels. Whether he will get them 'against the wall' is a question; but he will certainly sweep through the country, carrying out the plan of this particular campaign, which is an important one, and will bring forth fruits with which the country will be satisfied."

M'CLERNAND'S EXPEDITION.

General M'Clernand is now at Columbus, Kentucky, organizing his expeditionary force. The following Indiana regiments have either arrived at or are on their to join General M'Clernand's "Castor Oil Expedition" to open the Mississippi: Eighty-third, Ninety-third, Ninety-seventh, Ninety-ninth, and One Hundredth. The fifty-fourth, Colonel Mansfield, and the Sixty-third, Colonel Williams, will leave in a day or two for Columbus, and will also form part of the same expeditionary force.

THE UNION ARMY.

The Union forces, consisting now of over seven hundred thousand men, are distributed and commanded as follows: General Burnside, with the whole Army of the Potomac, aided by Hentzelman and Sigel, is to take care of Richmond; General Cox is making a rapid march toward the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; General Peck and General Foster are to look after the Southern communications of Richmond. General Banks and General Hunter are to look in at some of the Southern ports now held by the rebels; General Rosecrans is moving through Central Tennessee, General Granger through Kentucky, General Grant into Mississippi; General Schofield defends Missouri, and General Curtis is below him on the West side of the river; and General M'Clernand will soon be on his way down the Mississippi River.

THE BATTLE OF LABADIEVILLE.

We have details of the expedition under command of General Weitzel. Our forces encountered the enemy in considerable strength at a place called Labadieville, and defeated them after a brisk fight and a brilliant display of generalship on the part of General Weitzel. Upward of two hundred of the enemy were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and one piece of artillery was captured. The rebels were pursued in the direction of Berwick's Bay, where Governor Moore was supposed to be.

THE TEXAN COAST IN OUR POSSESSION.

The officers of the gun-boat *Connecticut* report that the entire coast of Texas is now in possession of the United States forces. The effect of this occupation is seen in the recent capture of numerous vessels while attempting to run the blockade. Contraband trade, through Texan ports, is now effectually choked off.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

Hon. A. J. Hamilton has been appointed Military Governor of Texas.

AFFAIRS AT RICHMOND.

The Grenada *Appeal* in its Richmond correspondence says that General Lee is about to go into winter-quarters within a few miles of Richmond. The condition of the city is represented as frightful. We are told that "garroting, burglary, drunkenness, in spite of the Provost Marshal, and all manner of villainy are on the increase most alarmingly, and provisions are constantly advancing in price. Flour is $25 a barrel here, in sight of the largest mills in the world, and butter is difficult to obtain at $1 50 per pound; that Richmond is worse than Naples, worse than Baltimore was when Winter Davis was the Wilkes of the Plug Ugly swell mob of that lawless city. No one thinks of going into the Cimmerian streets after nightfall without arms. A large and well-organized gang of cut-throats has 'taken the town.' They lie in wait at almost every corner, well provided with slung shots, billies, brass knuckles, and all the other devilish implements of mischief which the city highwayman uses to disable his victims, and they attack every body that walks alone, oftentimes gentlemen when attended by ladies."

GOVERNOR VANCE A REBEL.

The correspondence between Governor Vance (Rebel) and Governor Stanly (Union), of North Carolina, relative to a friendly conference, appears to have been brought to an unfavorable termination. According to latest accounts Governor Vance declines any meeting between himself and Governor Stanly. He also declines a conference of Commissioners. He writes, in a defiant tone, that North Carolina will fight to the last drop of blood, and refers Governor Stanly, if he has any propositions to make, to treat directly with the Confederate authorities at Richmond. This, of course, settles the question of any amicable arrangement with North Carolina, as far as Governor Vance's influence bears weight.

BRAGG DISGUSTED.

General Bragg, in his official report to the Confederate Government, says that but 1500 Kentuckians joined him in his late raid into that State; that the people hesitated to take Confederate scrip; and that he was charged three prices for supplies.

A SPEECH FROM M'CLELLAN.

To a crowd who waited upon him at Trenton, on 13th, General M'Clellan said:

"MY FRIENDS—for I feel that you are all my friends—I stand before you, not as a maker of speeches, not as a politician, but as a soldier. I came among you to seek quiet and repose, and from the moment of my arrival I have received nothing but kindness. Although I appear before you as a stranger, I am not. I am not altogether unacquainted with your history. Your gallant soldiers were with me in every battle from the siege of Yorktown to the battle of Antietam, and here I bear witness to their devotion to the cause for which we are fighting. [Here the uproar compelled the General to cease for a few moments.] I also have to speak of the ever faithful, ever true Taylor; the dashing, intrepid Kearney—men who have given their lives for the maintenance of our government. And before bidding you good-night I have this piece of advice to give you: While the army is fighting, you as citizens see that the war is prosecuted for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, for your nationality and your rights as citizens."

ARREST OF MEMBERS OF M'CLELLAN'S STAFF.

Two members of General M'Clellan's Staff—Lieutenant-Colonels A. P. Colburn and J. C. Duane, of the Engineer Corps—were, on 13th, sent to Washington, from Trenton, under arrest. The Washington *Star* explains the arrest by stating that they are not members of his *personal* staff, and consequently had no right to leave their places in the army to accompany General M'Clellan to Trenton.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE PIRATE BUSINESS.

THE London *Times* of November 6 denies that any blame can attach to the English Government relative to the fitting out operations of the privateer *Alabama*. England, the *Times* says, does not furnish ships of war, but "her ship-yards are open to all," and she sells the "component parts" of war vessels "to all comers."

A SPEECH FROM MR. COBDEN.

Mr. Cobden, M.P., has addressed an important speech to his constituents in Rochdale, in which he emphatically condemns the idea of English intervention in the American war. He said that such a movement on the part of the Cabinet would do injury instead of good, and would not bring out cotton; a war with the North was certain to ensue, and this struggle would cost Great Britain more money in six months than would feed all the distressed Lancashire operatives for ten years.

CAMBRIDGE FOR THE REBELS.

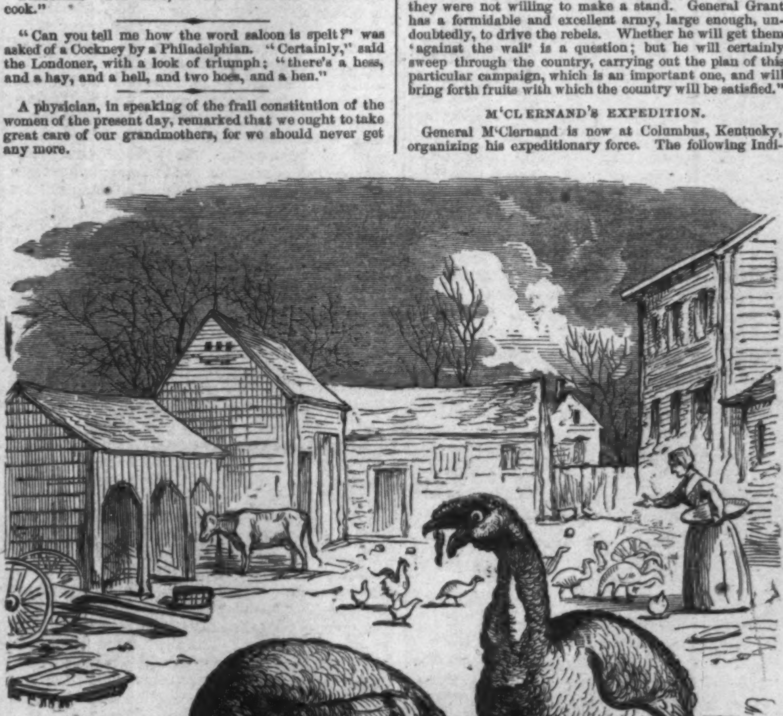
The famous debating club of Cambridge University (the Union) debated the American war subject during two evenings. The question was put thus: "That the Cause of the North is the Cause of Human Progress." The proposition was negatived by a vote of one hundred and seventeen to thirty-three—Earl Russell's eldest son speaking with the majority against it.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI COMING HERE.

The *Independance Belge* of the 18th October, writing concerning Garibaldi, says that he has full confidence in the successful results of his medical treatment. He has decided to go to England for a short time, and thence proceed direct to America.

Several of his officers have already left for New York.

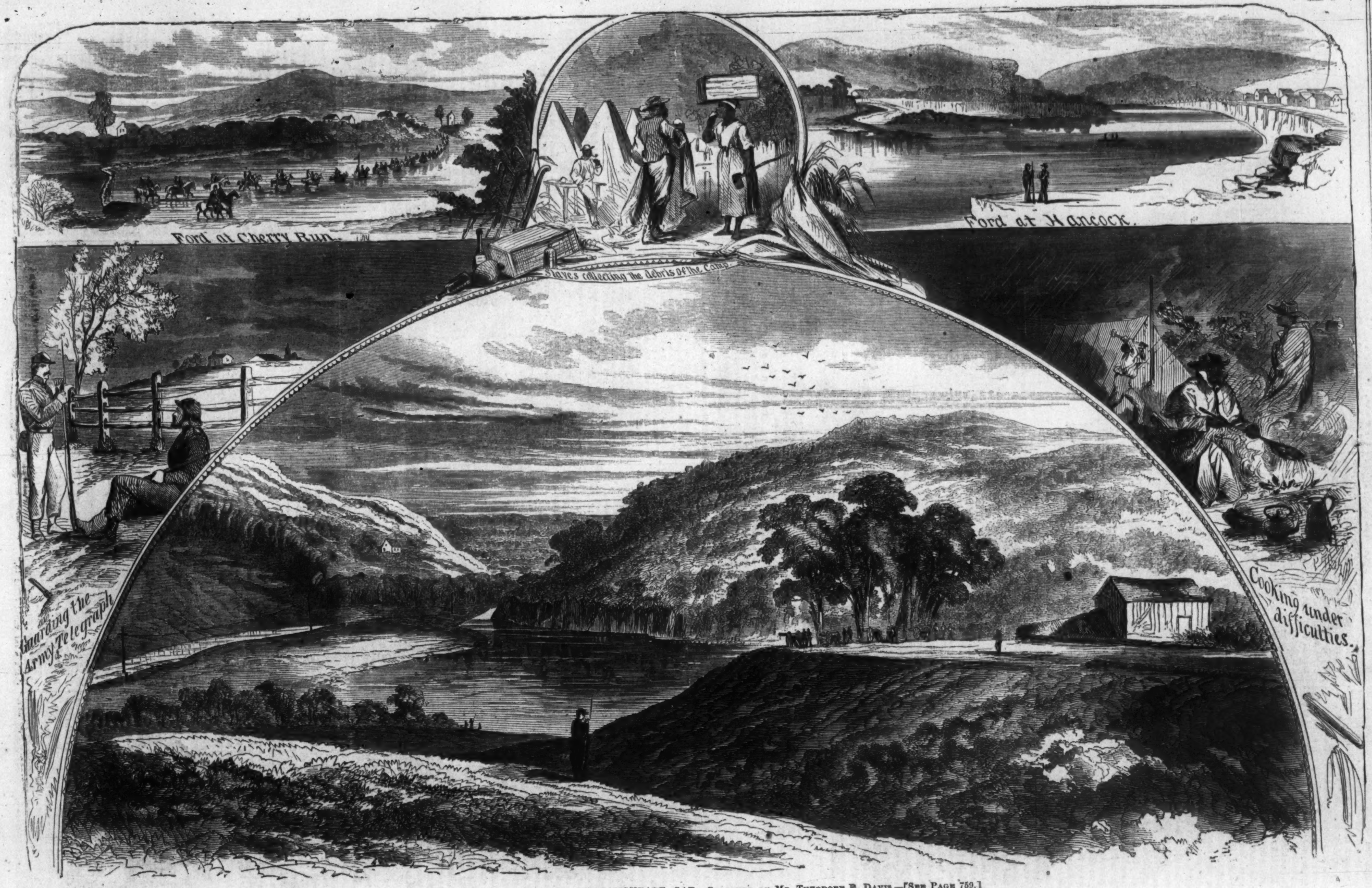


ABOUT THANKSGIVING-TIME.

MR. GOBBLER.—"Ain't you going to eat any thing?"

MRS. GOBBLER.—"No, I ain't going to fatten myself up for other people's benefit?"

MR. GOBBLER.—"Why, you fool, you're only injuring yourself; you'll be sold for 12 cents a pound, that's all. But I see what will be the end of you—you'll be eaten in a boarding-house, that's what you'll come to."


Ford at Cherry Run.
Slaves collecting the debris of the Camp.
Ford at Hancock.
Guarding the Army Telegraph
Cooking under difficulties.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THOROUGHFARE GAP.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

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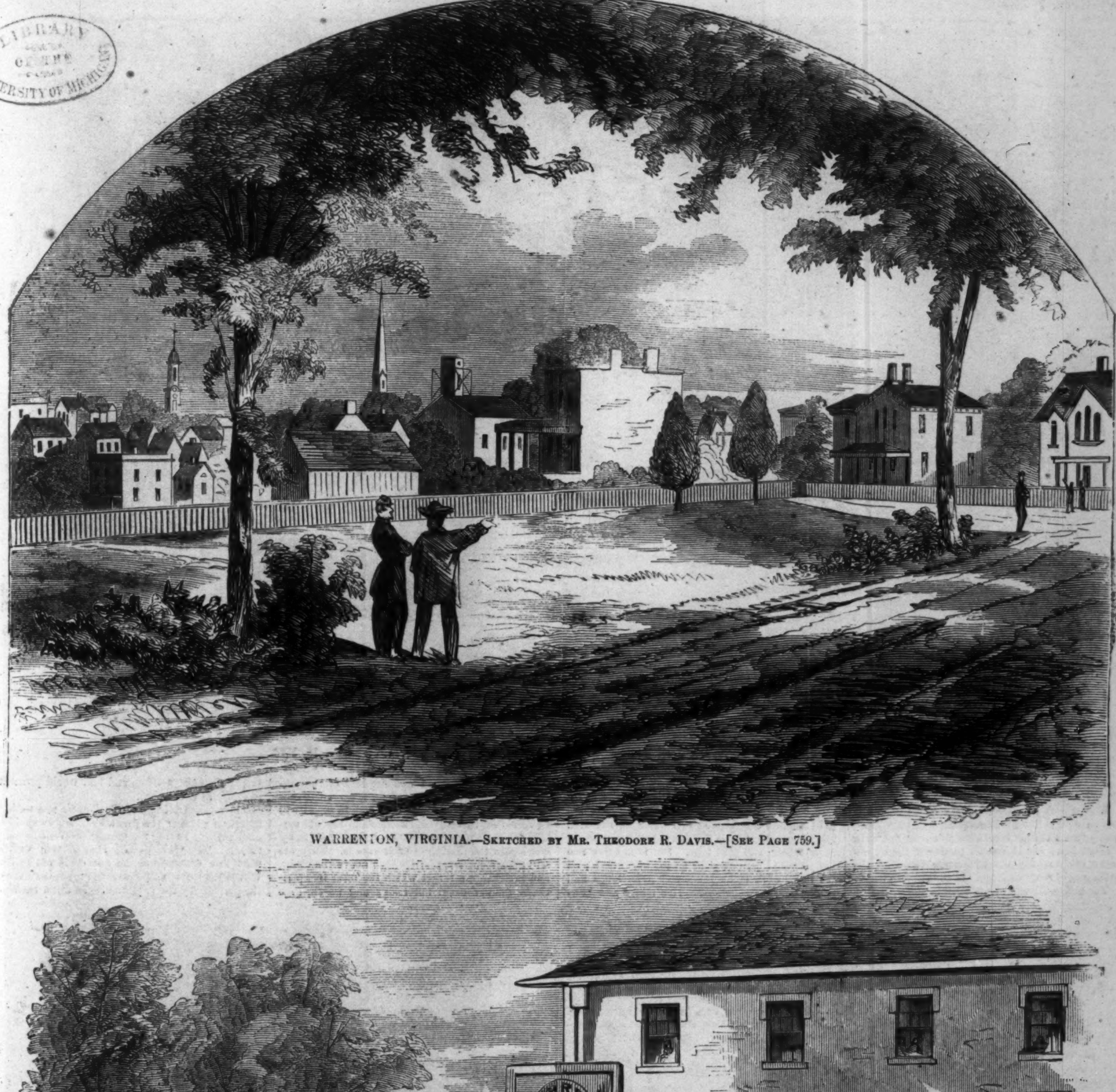
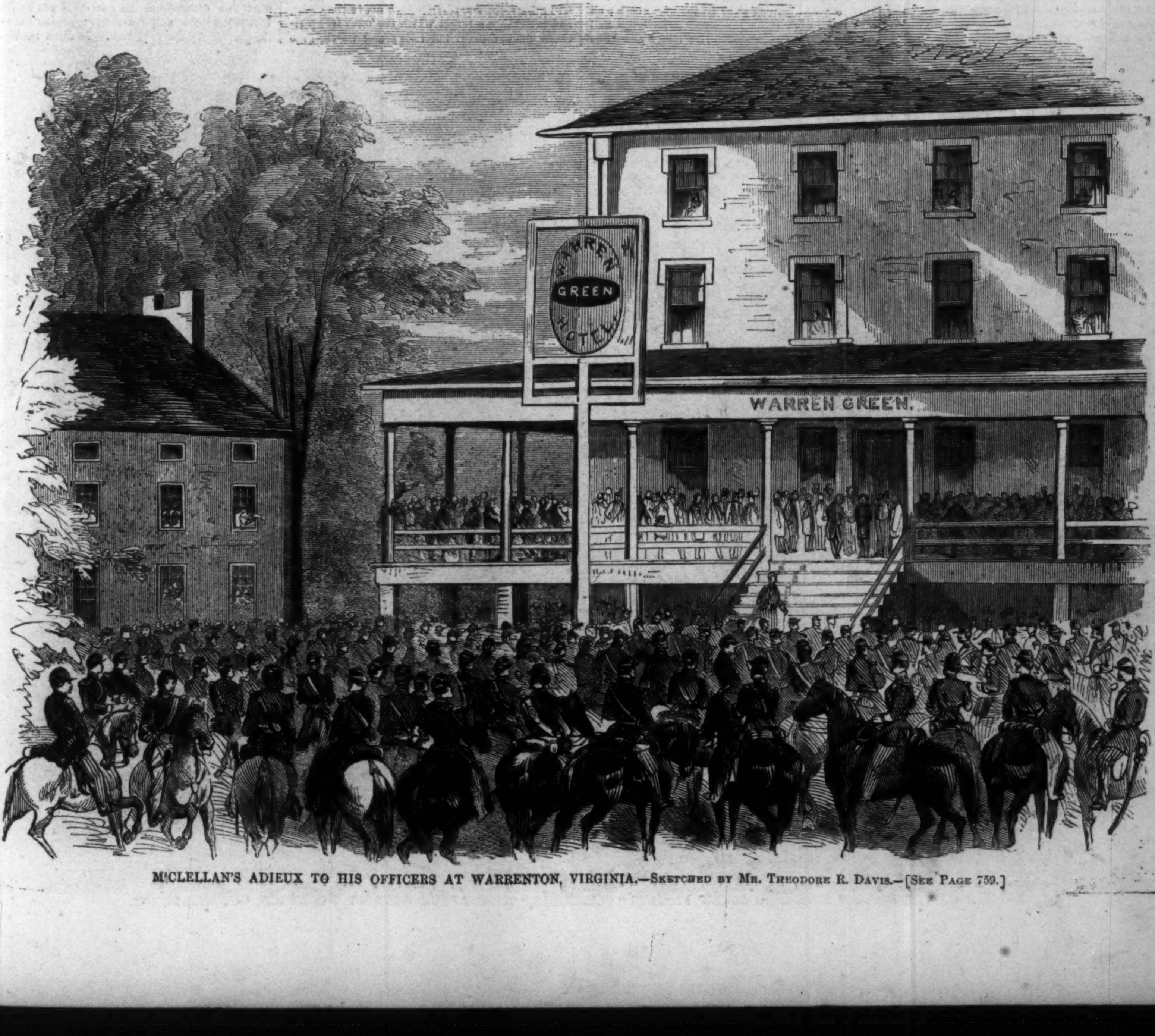
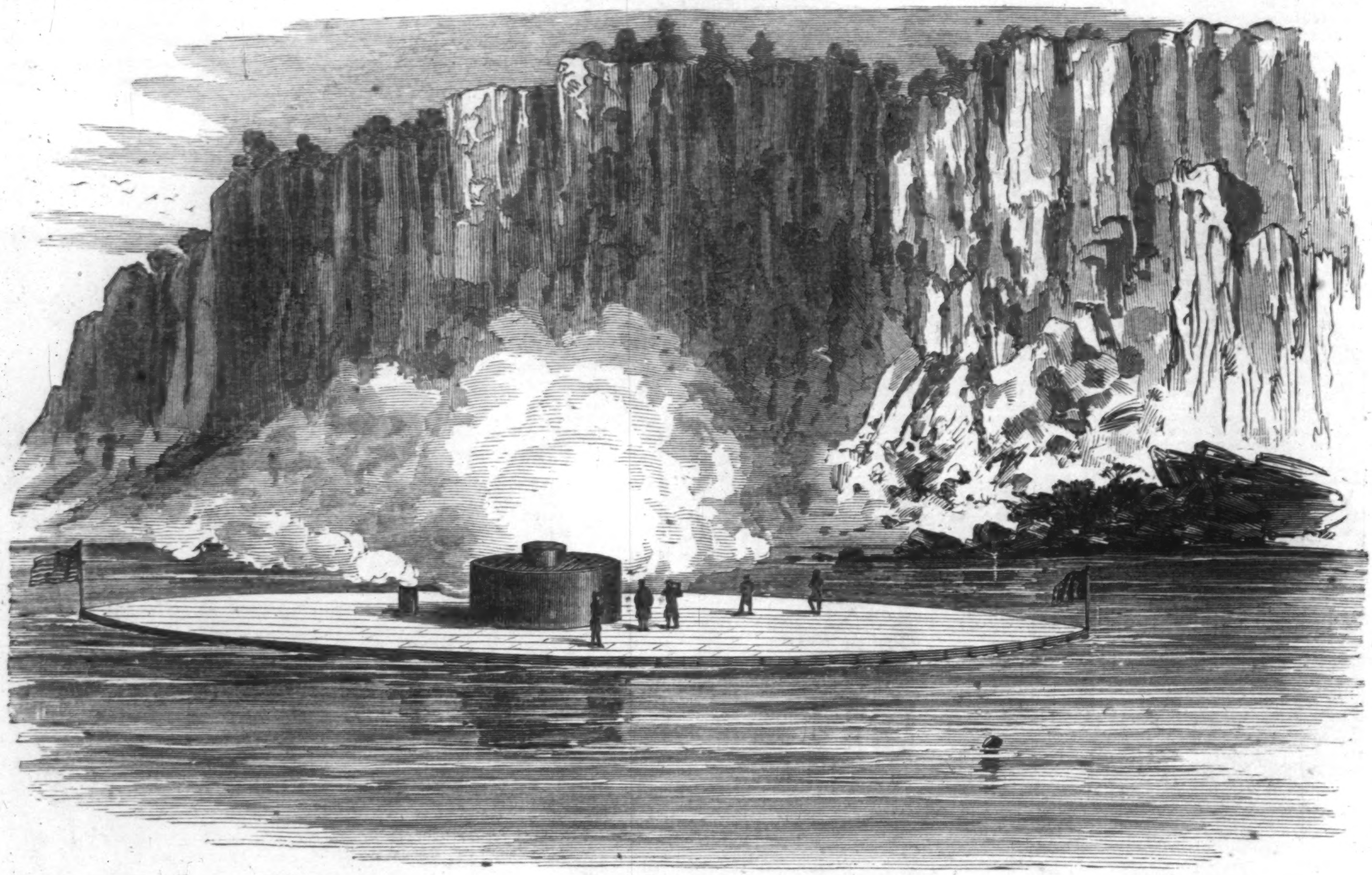


WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 759.]


WARREN GREEN HOTEL
WARREN GREEN.

McCLELLAN'S ADIEUX TO HIS OFFICERS AT WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 759.]



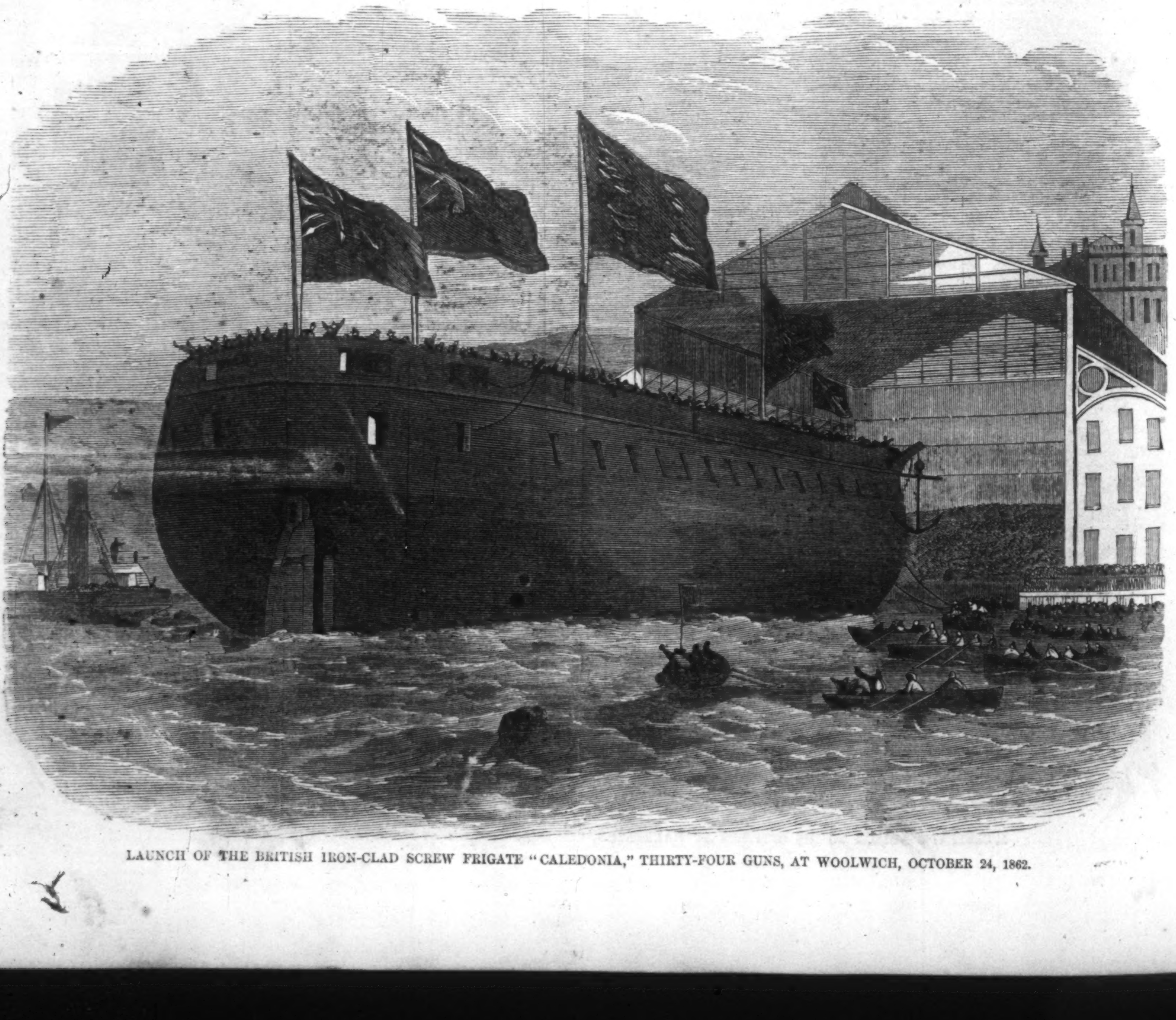
THE "PASSAIC" TRYING HER LARGE GUN AT THE PALISADES, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

IRON-CLADS.

WE publish herewith, by way of contrast, the launch of the British IRON-CLAD "CALEDONIA," which took place at Woolwich Dock-yard on 24th October last; and likewise a picture of the experiment made on Saturday, November 15, with the great gun of the "PASSAIC," in the Hudson River.

The *Caledonia* was commenced in the year 1859 as a 90-gun wooden ship. After the battle of the *Merrimac* and *Cumberland* the British Admiralty abandoned the construction of wooden vessels, and the *Caledonia* was altered to become an iron-clad 34-gun vessel. She is 273 feet long, 59 feet beam, 20 feet hold, and 4125 tons. She is to carry two 110-pound Armstrong guns on the upper deck; on the main deck eight 110-pound Armstrongs and twenty-four 68-pounders. Her masts and bowsprit are to be of iron; and the hull of the vessel above the water-line, and for a short distance below it, is to be plated with 4½ inch iron. It will be seen that the only deviation from the old system adopted thus far by the British Admiralty consists in the plating of their vessels. They are still huge monsters, soaring high above the water, and presenting a target which the most inexperienced gunner could not miss; and which, at a proper distance, a 400-pound ball would penetrate as easily as card-board.

The recent trial trip of the *Passaic* was made to ascertain whether the great 15-inch gun could be fired without having the muzzle protrude from the turret. The previous trip showed that without some new contrivance the gun could not be fired within the turret without endangering the lives of the gunners by the explosion. To allow the muz-



LAUNCH OF THE BRITISH IRON-CLAD SCREW FRIGATE "CALEDONIA," THIRTY-FOUR GUNS, AT WOOLWICH, OCTOBER 24, 1862.

zle to protrude was to expose the gun to injury, and would have required so large a port-hole that a shell might easily have been thrown in by an experienced gunner. To obviate these difficulties, Mr. Ericsson invented a machine, of which, for obvious reasons, we give no description. The following account of the experiment from the *Herald* will be read with interest:

> On arriving at a point opposite Fort Washington the *Passaic* was headed in toward the western shore of the river, under the towering cliffs of the Palisades, when, selecting an uninhabited spot, it was determined to see the effect against the rocky bulwarks of the noble Hudson. The steamer was stopped, and the 15-inch gun was loaded with twenty pounds of powder and a hollow shot. After the gun was run out to the side of the turret and all was ready, it was fired, the ball ricochetting along the water a few times, then striking the rocks, causing them to fly like so much chaff, followed by a terrible echo, which in its force resembled the explosion of a powder-mill. The noise outside of the turret was terrible, while inside there was no concussion of any account, and the noise certainly did not exceed that which would have been produced by the firing of an ordinary pistol.
>
> Every one was surprised and unwilling at the first trial to say much; all were anxious to see the effect of a full service charge of thirty-four pounds of powder. The gun only recoiled seventeen inches.
>
> *Second Firing.*—The second time the gun was loaded with thirty-five pounds of powder and a hollow shot. It was fired, recoiling three feet ten inches, producing no unpleasant concussion, and, as before, there was scarcely any smoke in the turret. Several of the spectators who were in the turret at the first firing were outside this time to see the working of the shot, which had been spoken of by those who were outside at the time; but the noise outside was so unpleasant that they preferred to be inside the next time the gun was fired, and accordingly they went in and remained there through the remainder of the firing.
>
> *Third Firing.*—The third time the gun was fired it was charged with thirty-five pounds of powder and a hollow shot. The recoil was only two feet eight inches. The same results were obtained without trouble; in fact it was much pleasanter inside than outside of the turret. No noise was perceptible tending to discomfort either on the berth-deck or in the engine-room.
>
> *Fourth Firing.*—The fourth and last time the gun was fired it was charged with thirty-five pounds of powder and a solid shot, the first one fired from a gun of this size with a full service charge. The result was precisely the same, the recoil being only two feet eight inches, and no smoke or noise in the turret.
>
> Thus ended the experiment with the gun, which in every respect was satisfactory. We refrain from giving our foreign friends or the rebels the slightest clew as to how this matter has been accomplished; but suffice it to say that it is the plan of Captain Ericsson, and it now is believed to be as near perfect as any thing mortal man can make.
>
> We will, however, give some of the general points in the workings of these new *Monitors*, showing their most prominent features.
>
> In the first place, their speed will be sufficient for the purposes for which they were designed. There is no doubt that they will go at the very least nine knots. Secondly, at no time will the guns of the vessel be liable to any damage from the projectiles of the enemy; for the muzzles will not protrude outside of their shield. Thirdly, the number of men to work one of these enormous guns is less than to work an ordinary 11-inch gun on a Marsilly carriage. Three men will run out the 15-inch gun, weighing 42,000 pounds (nearly twenty-one tons), as easily as nineteen men work an 11-inch pivot. The English intended to put a fourteen-ton gun in a cupola, but Sir Howard Douglass strenuously opposed such a step, as he believed that they would not be able to get men enough inside to work it. Therefore it never was attempted. One strong person can run out the 15-inch gun while he runs out the 11-inch one, with perfect ease.
>
> In these new *Monitor* batteries we give not only protection to the men, but to the guns, which, when the vessel has but two, it is very desirable should be protected. The appliance to carry off the concussion and smoke is simple and ingenious, and the Government should take care not to let this secret get out, so as to be used by other Powers. It is a success only second to the conception of the original *Monitor*.

The *Passaic* will be ready for sea within a week, and five or six of the other iron-clad *Monitors* about the same time. It may be taken for granted that the Department will lose no time in putting their merits to the test. Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile will probably hear of them before Christmas.

M'CLELLAN'S PARTING FROM HIS ARMY.

On pages 760 and 761 we publish a large picture of M'CLELLAN'S PARTING FROM HIS ARMY. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will explain the scene:

> This morning it was arranged that he should visit the troops near by, and proceed to Washington by special train in the evening. When just about to go he said, "I can hardly bear to see my soldiers again." Then accompanied by his officers and escort, a magnificent cavalcade, he rode off to take a last farewell of his troops. The infantry and cavalry attached to his head-quarters were tastefully disposed on an adjacent hill. They presented a very soldierly appearance. M'Clellan rode along the lines, and as he passed enthusiastic cheers spontaneously arose from the ranks. The soldiers could not restrain their controlling admiration for their General. After he had passed along the lines, and was returning toward the hill, General Patrick, commanding the Provost guard at head-quarters, dashed up the crest, and, with cap in hand, led the whole command in three additional tumultuous cheers for General M'Clellan. The Sturgis Rifles, which have been with him from the time of his first campaign in Western Virginia, gave an extra complimentary cheer, and all the men turned their heads around, and gave one long, last lingering look, while he rode away to bid a similar adieu to other commands.
>
> He then passed through the camps of the reserve artillery. The batteries were all arranged in convenient positions, the cannoneers standing by their guns. The men presented sabres, while the music mingled with their cheers as he passed. The magnificent artillery reserve of the army of the Potomac, which M'Clellan had organized with so much care, he seemed reluctant to leave it now, when there was an immediate prospect of its efficiency being fully displayed on the field.
>
> It was while riding from here that Burnside, accompanied by a brilliant staff, came dashing across the field and joined him. They shook each other cordially by the hand, and rode together during the remainder of the day. When we reached the turnpike, on either side of which troops are encamped, we witnessed one of the grandest and most effective demonstrations it has ever been my fortune to behold. The troops in General Fitz John Porter's corps were marshaled in magnificent array on the right of the road, and those in General Couch's corps on the left. Butterfield's, Sykes's, and Humphrey's divisions, in Porter's corps, were disposed in order, the banners of each command appearing in the centre, close on the road. Hancock's, Howard's, and French's divisions, in Couch's corps, were arranged in a somewhat similar manner, with the artillery of both commands planted on prominent positions. As had been done in the other instances, M'Clellan's farewell address to his soldiers was read to them just before he passed to personally bid them farewell. As he rode along the turnpike, with head uncovered, between the lines of troops, and followed by the glittering array of officers, fifty thousand of his devoted soldiers, with hearts and voices in perfect unison, and all with one accord, burst forth into the most tumultuous cheering. Along the lines he rode, amidst the continued acclamations of the fifty thousand, while from the distance we would occasionally catch, as though it were an echo, the sound from the troops we had left behind, and who were cheering yet, long after the General had gone away from the immediate vicinity of his head-quarters. The banners borne by the various regiments were held near the road on either side, and their tattered fragments were fully exposed to view when the General and party passed through the lines of troops. Some of the standards had little but the gold and silver trimmings and the silken fringes left. A greater portion of many of the flags had been shot away in battle under the gallant leadership of General M'Clellan. Those tattered banners, having inscribed upon them the names of the battles in which the troops had fought victoriously beneath their silken folds, were mute yet most eloquent memorials of the mighty struggles which M'Clellan's soldiers have passed through. While he rode along the batteries fired salutes, the bands played, and the soldiers cheered; the smoke from the artillery floated in among the perforated banners, and the acclamations of the troops mingled with the martial music of the bands and guns. I can not recall from my experience any occasion on which the enthusiasm manifested by these soldiers has been surpassed.
>
> Passing the end of Porter's and Couch's lines, General M'Clellan and party proceeded four or five miles further to the place where Franklin's corps was encamped. On the way soldiers followed and cheered him. He was soon near Franklin's corps. His arrival was not expected quite so soon, and the troops were not formed to receive him. But when the soldiers saw him approaching their encampment the color-bearers of the various regiments grasped the Stars and Stripes and the regimental standards, and came dashing down the hills and across the fields, the members of the regiments, without arms, dashing wildly after them. M'Clellan passed through this mass of soldiers to General Franklin's head-quarters, where he, Burnside, and Franklin, while the latter's troops were being collected and disposed, had a protracted interview.
>
> This ended, the company mounted their horses again, and rode among the troops of Franklin's corps. Smith's division, part formed in line of battle and part in column, greeted M'Clellan with great enthusiasm. Brooks's division came rushing across the valley in one grand, solid column, with flags floating in the breeze, to meet the retiring General. They flocked around him, discarding entirely every thing concerning the rules of military formation, and, in the most feeling manner, bade him an affectionate farewell. The troops in Newton's division, formed further on, were no less decided and enthusiastic in their demonstrations. It was really wonderful to see how deep was the expression of feeling by the soldiers on this occasion.
>
> Having passed through the lines of all the troops in the vicinity, General M'Clellan turned his horse's head to go back to his head-quarters, whence he intended proceeding to the train which was waiting to convey him to Washington. Now we witnessed the most affecting scene of all. Until this moment it hardly seemed that their favorite general could leave them. But now he was going from among them—he had already gone. The moment that they fully realized it, all those soldiers, animated by one universal impulse, ran after him, some weeping aloud, and shouted in the most touching and appealing manner, "Fetch him back, fetch him back!" and "Oh, come back to us, come back to us, M'Clellan!"
>
> As he rode along the turnpike on his return from Franklin's corps, troops under Couch and Porter, which he had passed in regular formation a few hours before, now rushed out from their camp ground, and thronged the road-side anxious to take another last look at their beloved General. Many of them were melted to tears, and after cheering him again and again, joined in the universal supplication, "Come back to us, come back to us, M'Clellan!"

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE publish on page 756 a series of pictures, illustrating the recent march of the army of the Potomac, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. The centre picture represents the famous THOROUGHFARE GAP in the Bull Run Mountains, which has figured so largely in the recent campaign. Many a regiment and brigade, loyal and rebel, has tramped through that dark, gloomy cleft in the mountains.

On page 757 we give a picture of the little town of WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, now occupied by our troops. Though, in the course of the present war, Warrenton has frequently changed masters, the little place has not suffered at the hands of either conquerors, and presents many pretty points of view. The LEAVE-TAKING OF M'CLELLAN on the stoop of the Warren Green House at Warrenton will naturally attract attention. The ex-Commander of the Army of the Potomac spent a few moments here in shaking hands with some of his officers, and addressed them kindly words of farewell.

Another picture on page 764, by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrates one of those cavalry skirmishes which are so often reported in the papers. Both the rebels and ourselves constantly keep flying squadrons of cavalry scouring the country, and every now and then they meet, and then comes "the tug of war." It is one of these scenes which Mr. Waud has depicted.

THE SYMPATHETIC TEMPERAMENT.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

IT does not follow because a man relieves a misfortune that he sympathizes with the sufferer. The stoics, indeed, while they enjoined beneficence, forbade sympathy: according to them, in putting your hand into your pockets you must take care not to disturb the folds of your heart. Rochefoucauld—who certainly was not a stoic, and may rather be considered the most brilliant of the modern followers of Epicurus—appears in this respect to be in agreement with Zeno. In the portrait of himself which he has sketched with the clear broad strokes of a master's hand, he says that "he is little sensible to pity;" that there is nothing he would not do for a sufferer, even to the *show* of compassion, for the wretched are such fools that the very show of compassion does them all the good in the world. But," adds this polite philosopher, "I hold that one should be contented to *show*, and guard one's self carefully from *feeling*, pity: it is a passion good for nothing in a well-constituted mind (*au dedans d'une âme bienfaite*), which only serves to weaken the heart, and which one ought to leave to the common people, who, doing nothing by reason, have need of passion to induce them to do any thing."

Certainly most of us have known in life persons who are ever ready to perform a charitable action, but from whose lips there never falls the balm of a sympathizing word. They do not even, like Rochefoucauld, simulate the pity which they do not feel. Are you ill, and can not afford a doctor? they will pay for him; are you pining for the anodyne of a tender look? you shrink back more sick at heart than before from the chill of their hard brows.

On the other hand, there are persons whose nervous system is tremulously alive to the aspect of pain; they will give you sigh for sigh, and groan for groan; they sympathize with you sincerely for the moment: as soon as you are out of sight they forget that you exist. Put yourself in their way, and rely upon their sympathy; when out of their way never count upon their aid. Benevolence is not always beneficence. To wish you may be benefited is one thing; to benefit you is another. A man who is beneficent without sympathy, though he may not be a pleasant acquaintance, must be a good man. But a man who is sympathizing without beneficence may be a very bad man. For there is a readiness of sympathy which comes from the impressionability of the physical system—a vibration of the nerves reacting on no chord of duty, and awakening no response in a generous impulse of the heart. And a man may not be the less profoundly wicked because he possesses an excitable nervous temperament.

Alexander Pheræus, the most ruthless of tyrants, so entered into the sorrows enacted on the stage, that a tragedy moved him to tears. It is to him that Pope alludes in his Prologue to Addison's "Cato:"

> "Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
> And foes to virtue wondered why they wept."

Unfortunately Alexander Pheræus, in spite of his weeping, kept his "nature," which was probably not constitutionally "savage." A man of a temperament readily impressionable, if accompanied, as it generally is, with a lively fancy, brings home to himself the sorrows or the dangers which are represented to his senses, and for the moment realized by his fancy. And thus it may be from fear for himself that a tyrant may weep at the representation of sufferings which, on the stage, depicts the power of Fate over even the crowned head and the sceptred hand. Now the same nervous temperament which is effeminately susceptible to this egotistical kind of sympathy may be very subject to fear; and fear is akin to cruelty. For fear is in the conviction of some weakness in him who feels it compared with the power from which he apprehends an injury; and no saying is more true than that aphorism of Seneca—"*Omnis enim ex infirmitate feritas est*"—"All cruelty springs from weakness." I think we have a striking example of these propositions in Nero, when his character is metaphysically analyzed. His was the excitable, impulsive, nervous organization—tremulously alive to the effects of music, poetry, the drama, *spectacle*—emotionally plastic to whatsoever influence appealed for the moment to his senses. Thus, in early youth, a cultivator of the softest arts, and no cause of suspicion and terror yet maddening his restless imagination, he was doubtless sincere when, the sentence on a criminal being brought to him to sign, he exclaimed, piteously, "*Vellem nescire literas!*"—"Would to Heaven that I had not learned to write!" But the same susceptibility to immediate influences which, when fresh from the contemplation of serene and harmless images, made him impulsively merciful, subjugated him first to sensual pleasures, rendered monstrous in proportion as his imagination, on brooding over them, became itself diseased: and, when the whole character was unmanned by the predominance of the sensual and brutelike over the intellectual and moral elements in man, all that was noblest in manhood, in exciting the internal consciousness of his own infirmity or weakness, excited his fear; for in silently rebuking, they seemed silently to threaten him—and thus the voluptuous trifler was scared into the relentless butcher. Yet, impressionable to immediate circumstance at the last as at the first, all the compassionate softness he had once known for the sentenced criminal, whose doom he had shrunk from signing, returns to settle on himself. When the doom which had shocked his nerves to contemplate for another stands before him as his own, he weeps over his own fate, his hand trembles to inflict it. Just as in his youth sympathy (being nothing more than the vividness with which he could bring home to his fancy the pain to be inflicted on another) made him forget the crime that was to be punished in pity for the criminal that was to be slain, so now he wholly lost sight of his own crimes in the anguish of contemplating his own death. And when, in forgetfulness of empire abused and remembrance of art cultivated, he exclaimed, "What an artist in me is about to perish!"* he explained the enigma of his own nature. Besides the tastes which his hostile historians accord to him in painting and sculpture, and a talent for poetry, which Suetonius is at some pains to vindicate from the charge of plagiarism, eighteen hundred laurel crowns had Athens bestowed on him as a musician! If his career had been a musician's and not an emperor's, he might indeed have been a voluptuary: a musician not unfrequently is; but a soft-tempered, vain, praise-seeking infant of art, studying harmony, and nervously shocked by discord—as musicians generally are.

The great French Revolution abounds with examples more familiar of the strange mixture of sentimental tenderness with remorseless cruelty, which may be found allied in that impressionable nervous temperament as susceptible to the *rapport* of the present time as a hysterical somnambule is to the will of an electro-biologist.

Many years ago I met with a Frenchman who had been an active, if subordinate, ministrant in the Reign of Terror. In Petitot's Collection of Papers illustrative of that period, we find him warmly commended to Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to sacrifice on the altar of his country as many hecatombs of fellow-countrymen as the Goddess of Reason might require. When I saw this ex-official of the tribunal of blood, which was in a London drawing-room, where his antecedents were not generally known, he was a very polite, gray-haired gentleman of the old school of manners, addicted, like Cardinal Richelieu and Warren Hastings, to the composition of harmless verses. I have seldom met with any one who more instantaneously charmed a social circle by his rapid and instinctive sympathy with the humors of all around him—gay with the gay, serious with the serious, easy with the young, caressingly respectful to the old. Fascinated by the charm of his address, a fine lady whispered to me, "This, indeed, is that exquisite French manner of which we have heard so much and seen so little. Nothing nowadays like the polish of the old *régime*."

Marveling at the contrast between the actions for which this amiable gentleman had been commended to Robespierre and the manners by which he might have seduced the Furies, I could not refrain, in the frankness of my temper at that earlier period of my life, from insinuating the question how a man of so delicate a refinement, and so happy a turn for innocent poems in the style of "Gentil Bernard," could ever have been led away into a participation of what I mildly termed "the excesses of the Revolution."

"Ah," quoth this velvet-pawed tiger, "*que voulez-vous?*—I always obey my heart! I sympathize with whatever goes on before me. Am I to-day with people who cry '*A bas les aristocrates!' ça me monte le tête! ça m'echauffe le sang!* I cry out with them, '*A bas les aristocrates!*' Am I to-morrow with people who cry '*A bas la guillotine!'—eh bien!* my eyes moisten; I embrace my enemies—I sob out, '*A bas la guillotine!*' Sympathy is the law of my nature. Ah, if you had known Monsieur Robespierre!"

"Hem!" said I; "that is an honor I should not have coveted if I had lived in his day. But I have hitherto supposed that Monsieur Robespierre was somewhat unsocial, reserved, frigid; was he, nevertheless, a man whose sins against his kind are to be imputed to the liveliness of his sympathies?"

"Sir, pardon me if I say that you would not have asked that question if you had studied the causes of his ascendency, or read with due attention his speeches. How can you suppose that a man not eloquent, as compared with his contemporaries, could have mastered his audience except by sympathizing with them? When they were for blood, he sympathized with them; when they began to desire the reign of blood to cease, he sympathized also. In his desk were found David's plans for academies for infancy and asylums for age. He was just about to inaugurate the Reign of Love when the conspiracy against him swept him down the closing abyss of the Reign of Terror. He was only a day too late in expressing his sympathy with the change in the public mind. Can you suppose that he who, though ambitious, threw up his profession rather than subscribe to the punishment of death—he whose favorite author was Jean Jacques, '*le plus aimant des hommes*'—that he had any inherent propensity to cruelty? No! Cruelty had become the spirit of the time, with which the impressionability of his nervous temperament compelled him to sympathize. And if he were a sterner exterminator than others it was not because he was more cruel than they, but more exposed to danger. And as he identified himself with his country, so self-preservation was in his mind the rigorous duty of a patriot. Wherever you had placed him, Monsieur Robespierre would always have been the man of his day. If he had been an Englishman, Sir, he would have been at the head of all the philanthropical societies—come in for a large constituency on philanthropical principles—and been the most respectable, as he was always the most incorruptible of public men. '*Ce pauvre M. Robespierre! comme il est méconnu!*' If he had but lived a month or two longer he would have revived the age of gold!"

Certainly, during that excitable epoch, tenderness of sentiment and atrocity of conduct were not combined in "*ce pauvre M. Robespierre*" alone. The favorite amusement of one of the deadliest of his fellow-murderers was the *rearing of doves*. He said that the contemplation of their innocence made the charm of his existence in consoling him for the wickedness of men. Couthon, at the commencement of the Revolution, was looked upon as the mildest creature to be found out of a pastoral. He had a *figure d'ange*, heavenly with compassionate tenderness. Even when he had attained to the height of his homicidal celebrity he was carried to the National Assembly or the Jacobite Club (I say carried, for, though young, he had lost the use of his limbs) fondling little lapdogs, which he nestled in his bosom. An anecdote is told of one of his *confrères*, who was as fatal to men and as loving to dogs as himself, that when a distracted wife, who had pleaded to him in vain for her husband's life, in retiring from his presence, chanced to tread on his favorite spaniel's tale, he exclaimed, "Good heavens, Madame! have you then no humanity?"

In these instances of tenderness for brutes we see the operation of that sympathy which, being diverted from men, still must have a vent, and lavishes itself on the inferior races, to whom its sentimental possessor shows all kindness, because from them he apprehends no mischief. We need not, however, resort to the annals of the French Revolution for examples of this warped direction of pity or affection. Every day we see venerable spinsters who delight in the moral murder of scandal, and guillotine a reputation between every cup of tea, yet full of benignant charities to parrots, or dogs, or cats, or monkeys. Those venerable spinsters were, no doubt, once fond-hearted little girls, and, while in their teens, were as much shocked at the idea of assassinating the character of pretty women and poisoning the honor of unsuspecting hearths as they are now at the barbarity of pinching Fidele's delicate paw or singeing Tabitha's inoffensive whiskers.

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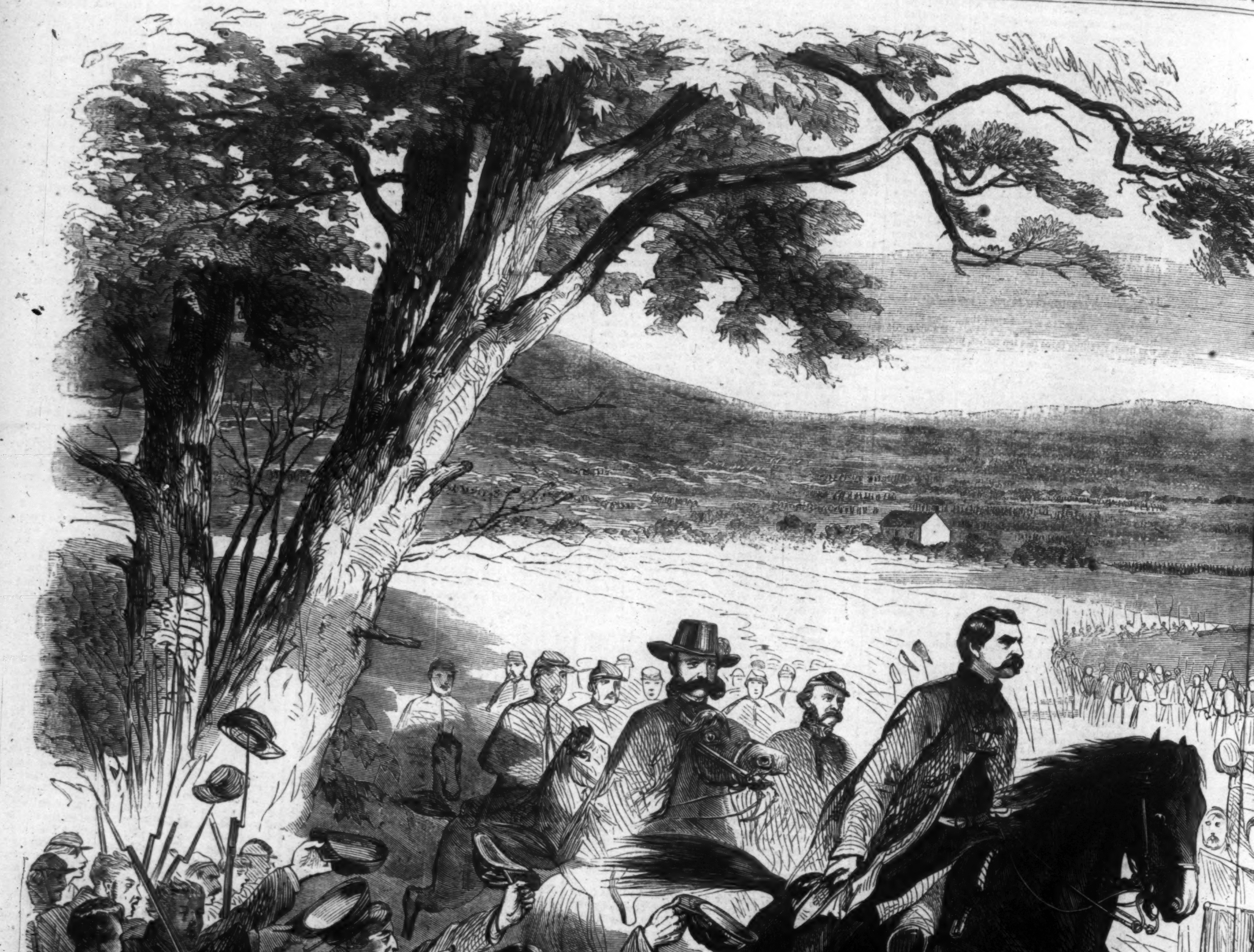
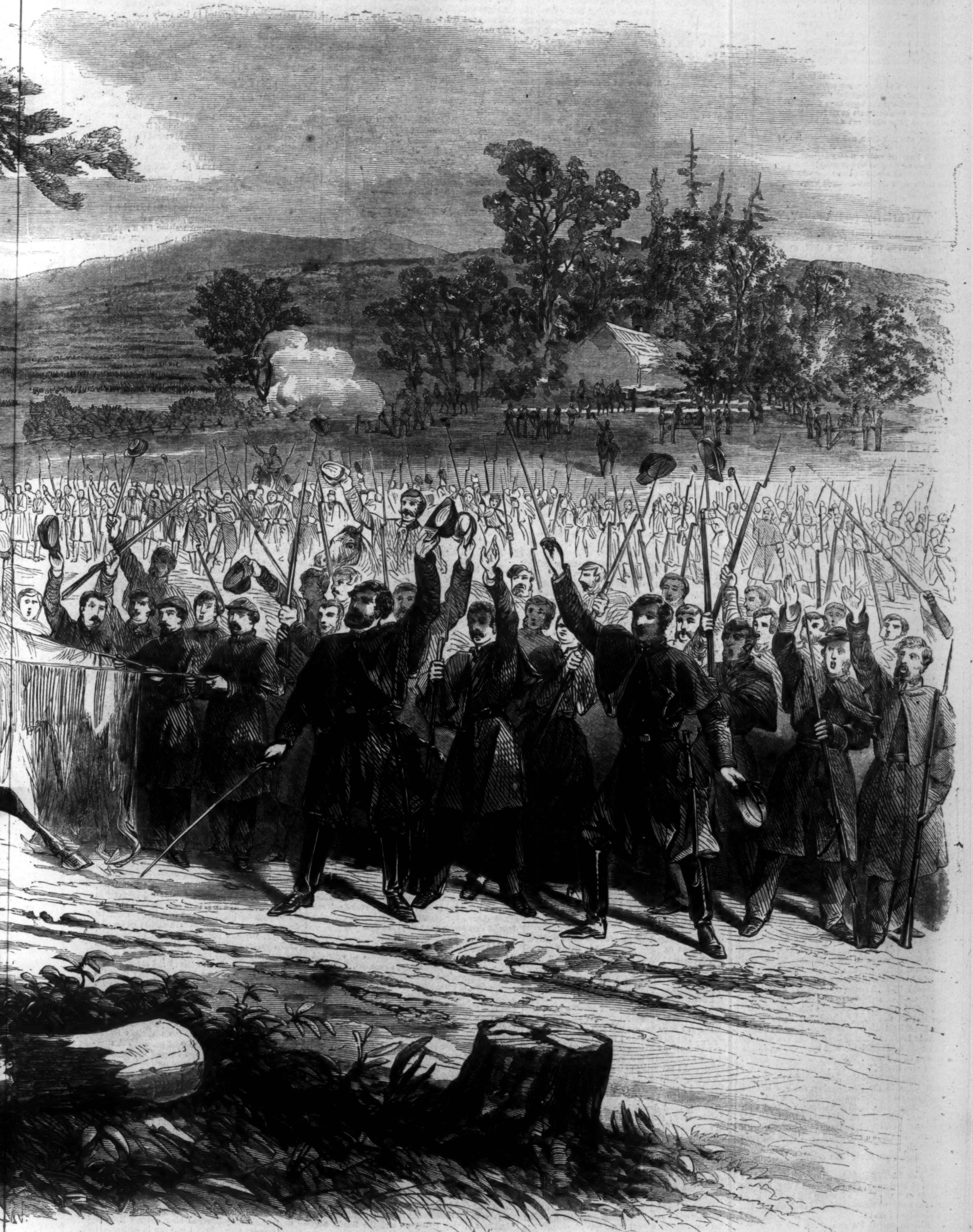
* "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" *Artifex* means something more than musician, by which word it is rendered in our current translations, and even something more than artist, by which it is rendered in the text. *Artifex* means an artificer, a contriver; and I suspect that, in using the word, Nero was thinking of the hydraulic musical contrivance which had occupied his mind amidst all the terrors of the conspiracy which destroyed him—a contrivance that really seems to have been a very ingenious application of science to art, which we might not have lost if Nero had been only an artificer, and not an emperor.



GENERAL McCLELLAN TAKING LEAVE OF HIS A



HIS ARMY, NOVEMBER 10, 1862.—[See Page 759.]

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

THE moon look'd down, and what did it see?
A deep vow breathed betwixt you and me:
One, a girl in her fair spring-time;
One, a man in his earnest prime.
A vow of friendship, and faith, and truth,
That should keep through years the pledge of youth.

The moon looks down, and what does it see?
A broken vow between you and me.
Careless words and a whispering tongue
A veil of doubt o'er the heart have flung;
Weakness in you, and pride in me;
Two several paths where one should be.

The moon will look down, and what will it see?
Two graves, two stones, for you and me.
Sad that immortal souls can play
With love, as a toy to be cast away!
Hard to get, and harder to keep!
This is the sight that makes angels weep.

TAKEN BY STRATEGY.

A THANKSGIVING LOVE STORY.

THANKSGIVING DAY! with a chill, gray sky, and sudden flurries of snow eddying through the air like flights of white birds! Who would give a fig for a sunshiny Thanksgiving Day? Why, one might as well have Thanksgiving Day without a turkey, as without its keen wind and fluttering drifts of scarlet leaves making their moan among the dimpled hollows of the lonely woods!

Deacon Jacob Marble fully appreciated the possession of both these necessary adjuncts to the day of national gratitude; and therefore it was that his brown, wrinkled face wore such an aspect of contentment as he stood before the looking-glass tying his checked silk neckerchief.

"We ain't rich people, Huldy," he slowly enunciated; "but I don't see but what we've as much to keep Thanksgivin' for as most folks. The harvests have been middlin' good, and things has gone pretty prosperous, considerin'—"

The Deacon's little wife interrupted this leisurely tirade in wifelike fashion, by standing on tiptoe to jerk out the clumsy knot that her husband's knobby brown fingers had constructed, and tying it trimly anew.

"There!" she said, complacently eying her work; "*that's* something like! *You* always take hold of a cravat as though it were the handle of a plow, Jacob!"

The Deacon looked down upon the bright eyes and plump cheeks of his helpmate with a broad smile that was not unlike a sudden gleam of autumn sunshine on one of his own sere harvest fields, as she stood there in the "go-to-meeting" costume of sober New England—a drab satin bonnet, with dark-blue bows inside, and a gray shawl wrapped cozily around her shoulders.

"Maybe your right, Huldy," said the Deacon; "but come—we shall be late to meetin'."

"Well, *I'm* ready," responded Mrs. Marble, briskly. "Bessy, be sure you watch the turkey, and keep it well basted—and put in the pumpkin pies when the brick oven is hot—and, Bessy, the pudding—and the stewed apples, Bessy—"

"There, there!" interrupted the Deacon, tucking his wife under his arm, and walking her off, yet in the full tide of her directions, "Bess will do well enough; she wouldn't be *your* daughter if she wasn't smarter nor a steel trap."

"How you do talk, Deacon!" ejaculated Mrs. Marble, looking uneasily over her shoulder. "I didn't remember to tell her about the chicken pies, arter all. Shut the gate, Deacon, or Joe Grimes's cows 'll be in eatin' the tops off every chrysanthemum I've got. I wonder if the minister 'll preach any thing about the war; Deacon, don't you?"

And thus, divided between thoughts temporal and spiritual, the worthy matron went on her way under the wing of the Deacon's butternut-colored coat, toward the gray old church that nestled afar off among the desolate hills, its spire already obscured with a dizzy mist of snow-flakes.

Bessy Marble, thus left general-in-chief over the well-marshaled forces of the larder, stood quietly before the fire, tapping one dainty foot on the polished red-brick hearth, and thoughtfully playing with the string of coral that encircled her round, white throat. She was a dimpled, rosy little body, with lips like the scarlet geranium in the window, and dark-blue eyes full of roguish sparkles—a damsel, in short, whom you would have fancied created for the special purpose of being kissed and made much of. She knew it, too, the demure fairy, for there was coquetry in every fold of the crimson delaine dress she wore, and *espièglerie* indescribable in the fluttering bows of ribbon that fastened it! Right over the mantle, an old looking-glass—Deacon Marble would have stared if you had called it a *mirror*—reflected every dimple and rose-tint on the peachy cheek, yet Bessy never glanced at its flattering transcript. No—she looked gravely into the blazing heart of the fire with an unwonted dew before the blue eyes, and a pensive shadow on her brow.

"I say, Bessy!"

She had not heard the door open, yet she did not start when in the looking-glass she saw imaged another form besides her own—that of a tall, stalwart young man, in blue uniform, outlined with curves of vivid scarlet. He was a handsome fellow too, dark-eyed and sun-embrowned, with brown hair thrown carelessly back from his open forehead.

"Charles, *you* here?" she asked, half-reproachfully.

"Now don't scold, Bessy; there's a darling! I tried to keep away, upon my word I did, but you might as well expect a hungry bee to keep away from a bunch of honey-suckles—I couldn't stand it, and so here I am!"

And he passed his arm about her waist, and looked, with a species of laughing defiance, down into the blue deeps of her eyes.

"*Don't*, Charles!" she said, possibly alluding to a kiss, which terminated his words in a manner most satisfactory to himself. "When you *know* that my father has forbidden you the house!"

"Know it? of course I know it, and that's the reason I waited in the hazel copse until I saw the good Deacon well on his way to church before I walked in! But, Bessy," he added, in a graver tone, "you must own yourself that it is unjust for your father to dislike me simply for being poor. He was a poor boy himself when he married your mother; I've heard him say so a dozen times! And as for Mark Vernon—"

"Hush, Charles!" coaxed Bessy, placing her little hand over the young soldier's mouth. "You know that I never would marry Mark Vernon were he richer than Crœsus himself!"

"Heaven bless you for those words, love!" said the young man, earnestly; "and yet I sometimes fear—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Bessy, lifting her finger; "I thought I heard the gate shut."

"Only your fancy, darling. And, as I was saying—"

Rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat-tat!! thundered a pair of vigorous knuckles on the door—click, click! sounded the irresponsive latch, which Bessy had secured after the departure of her parents.

"It is my father—I know his knock!" gasped Bessy, in breathless trepidation. "If he should find you here, Charles! What can bring him back? Conceal yourself somewhere—the pantry, quick!"

"I can't! it's full of preserves and apple-barrels," said the fugitive, hurriedly surveying the premises.

"The kitchen then. Oh, *do* make haste!"

"Hang it, I won't hide like a burglar!" exclaimed the young soldier, half-laughing, half-defiant. "What have I done to be ashamed of?"

"For *my* sake, Charles!" pleaded the girl, as a fresh shower of knocks descended on the stout oaken panels of the door, and the Deacon's voice was heard clamoring for admittance. "Quick—he is going round to the window!"

Charles Mellen looked around, in a sort of desperation; the clock-case was too small to get into—the wood-box too narrow—the tea-kettle decidedly impracticable—and, spurred by dire emergency, the valiant son of Mars dropped on his knees, and scrambled nimbly under the old-fashioned chintz-covered lounge, or settee, that occupied the vacant space between the windows. There he lay, shaking with suppressed laughter, behind the ample valance of blue-and-white chintz, a sort of extempore "masked battery," while Bessy hasted to unbar the door.

"Thought you was asleep!" growled the Deacon. "I was just agoin' to try the winders! What on airth made you so long a comin'?"

"I thought—I did not know—" stammered Bessy, turning white and red alternately.

"Oh, you s'posed I was a robber!" said the Deacon, breaking into a genial laugh. "Gals does get the queerest notions into their heads sometimes. I've come back arter my spectacles, for I don't rightly feel as if I *sensed* what the parson said without I could look him full in the face, and besides, I like to foller the psalm-singin'. Where do you s'pose I could ha' left 'em? Last I remember havin' 'em I was settin' on that lounge, readin' the paper."

"No, no, they are not there," faltered Bessy, turning scarlet, as the Deacon peered about the chintz draperies. "Perhaps you left them on the clock shelf."

"Well, p'raps I did," said the old man, abandoning his first idea, greatly to Bessy's relief. "No I didn't, nuther. Good land! here they be, in my gray waistcoat pocket. Well, I *am* glad. I'll have to step spry though, if I calculate to overtake your mother before she gets to the meetin'-house. Bessy," he added, as his foot was on the threshold, "if you're really feared o' burglars, I'll give up the Thanksgivin' sermon and stay 'long with you."

"Oh no, father, indeed it is not necessary," said Bessy, earnestly; "I am not at all afraid."

And she closed the door on the Deacon's broad shoulders just as Charles Mellen emerged from the sheltering folds of his retreat, with a face of comic dismay.

"I was very nearly unearthed that time!" he exclaimed, with a peal of merry laughter. "Suppose he had taken it into his head to prosecute that search, and hauled out a young man instead of a pair of spectacles! *Don't* look so solemn, Bessy."

"Leave me, Charles," pleaded the girl—"leave me, you have no right here; and it would be far wiser, far better for us both, were you to go."

"But I haven't any idea of going," persisted the young soldier—"at least not just yet. Listen to me, Bessy darling—my own promised wife."

"I *am* listening," she said, half turning away her head, yet making no effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken.

"Bessy, I have not yet told you why I am here to-day. The fact is, that I have been away from my regiment quite long enough. The trifling wounds I received a few weeks since are entirely healed, and I am going to try my luck once more as a soldier of fortune. Bessy, my summons has come, and I must march to-night."

"To-night?"

The fair head drooped upon his breast with a low, bitter cry; the tears rained fast upon his soothing hand.

"To-night!" he repeated. "I may never return, Bessy, and I would fain have the right to call you *wife* before I go. Dearest, it would be such a strength, such a comfort to me! Will you deny me this, the last request I may ever make?"

Still she sobbed on, her head pillowed on his heart.

"I have loved you long and tenderly," he resumed, "and I should fight the better for knowing that my precious wife at home was praying for the absent husband. Bessy, may I go to the battle-field with this buckler of strength about my heart?"

And when she lifted her tear-drenched eyes to his he knew that the prize was *won!*

"But, Charles, when—"

"*Now*, dearest. Get your bonnet, and we'll place it beyond the power of earthly hands to break the bond between our two hearts. My own love, if a life's devotion can reward you for this hour it shall not be wanting!"

The fitful snow-flurries of the morning had settled down into a good old-fashioned storm—drifting, drifting, in white blinding clouds around the farm-house on the hill, folding the old stone fence in ermine wreaths, and ridging the roof-trees with alabaster. But within the pine-logs blazed cheerily on the hearth; and the Deacon, sitting in their genial glow, listened complacently to the hollow moan of the wind among the forests. In the shadow beyond Bessy was musing, her cheeks softly flushed and her eyes full of dreamy light.

"Bessy," quoth the Deacon, stooping to replace a log which had just fallen apart in a shower of bright sparks, "I've something to tell you, daughter. Mark Vernon had a talk with me this mornin', arter meetin'."

"Well?" she said, quietly, a shade of pallor creeping over her face.

"And he wants you to be his wife, Bessy—the mistress of his store-house and broad lands. What do you say, my child?"

"I can not be his wife, father. I am married already."

"Married!" repeated the Deacon, vaguely.

"To one, father, whom I have already given up to his country. I became Charles Mellen's wife while you were absent this morning; and he has left his bride to do a *man's* behest—to die, if need be, for the old flag, which he loves better than wife, or home, or life itself! Father, say that you forgive me; for I have only you and my mother left to comfort me now!"

Poor little Bessy! her short-lived courage gave way to a burst of tears; and when she lifted her wet eyes from the old man's knee she knew that she had not pleaded in vain.

"Bessy," said the Deacon, after a few moments' pause, "you've done a rash thing; yet I can't, somehow, find it in my heart to blame you, as perhaps I ought to do. I've always maintained that the men who go forth to defend the Union deserve to be rewarded with the richest treasures of our hearts and homes, and it's too late now to go back from my word. Cheer up, my girl! When Charles Mellen returns I shall not refuse to bestow my brightest jewel upon him!"

And thus it was that the soldier wooed and won his bride.

IN THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

You love me well, I know, wife,
  In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
  You didn't look so cross;
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
  You tripp'd along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
  Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
  And answer'd very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
  But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
  But, a hundred times or so,
I kiss'd a velvet cheek, love,
  In the moonlight long ago.

THE TENANT OF THE LUMBER-ROOM.

I HAD made up my mind to take an old house at Brocklehurst, if it suited me on inspection, and I hired a boy to pilot me thither.

"There," he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary broken bit of common covered with gorse and heath, "do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit?" I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long low building. "I'll tell you what, Sir," he said, in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, "there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, for there was murder done at that house not two years ago."

"Murder!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and the cruelest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken lass Ann Forrest was, and many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She always seemed to take great care of her old master, and no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some laborers going past found the front-door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood, and quite dead, at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, in which the old man kept his money, and which only she knew where to find, was lying, turned bottom uppermost and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and many other things scattered about the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her."

It was a horrible story to listen to, with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down a dark steep road, and through some meadows, until we reached the house.

The clang of the bell echoed through the stillness within; then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices; at first, far away, then nearer. A key grated in the rusty lock, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short thick-set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand.

I said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese and a bed for the night were all I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to shut to the door in my face; then his mind changed, and without a word he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and, signing to me to follow, led the way across a bare and lofty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. Setting down the lantern on the table he turned round and said: "You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires or candles;" and without waiting for a reply he walked away. I turned to the woman, who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some question carelessly; but she answered me briefly, with a hurried glance at her husband; and, weary of attempting to conciliate, I said abruptly, that as my time was short I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see at this time of night," old Pearce said, gruffly, from the window where he stood.

"At least," I answered, "I can go through the rooms and get some notion of their size;" and I made a move.

For a moment it seemed as though they meant to let me go alone; then Pearce stepped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides I traversed long passages, our footsteps sounding hollow on the stone floors, mounted staircases, and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshuttered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. We went on in silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right, and said: "Surely we have not been in here?" The man, half-way up, stopped and looked down at me. "No," he said; "it is only a lumber-room; the key has been lost this long while: if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made before you come again;" and he went on. It was a large rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer turns and twists that one wondered whither they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen a man sat by the fire unlacing his boots, and with his back toward the door. He turned as I entered, and displayed a muscular form and heavy face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him as his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his father's sleeve, muttered angrily: "And who on earth may you be?" I did not catch the answer, but the gruff snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer was put before me; and while I was engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat on watching me in silence for a while, then followed them, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed most eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was even tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said: "And yet you seem to like to live in it!" to hear his curt answer: "I've been bred up here, and that makes a deal of difference." When the woman at last returned I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling I took a candle from her trembling hand and followed her up stairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state-bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to say that she hoped I might find all I wanted, but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable-clock striking twelve aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down I went instinctively across the room to secure the door, and found, to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key was not in the lock. For a moment I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangely unwilling to encounter those surly looks again to-night. After all, it mattered little. Traveling as I did without luggage or money, and in simple, almost shabby dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health and strength in my favor, none would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shone full into the room, only obscured from time to time as a heavy cloud swept across, and passing, seemed to leave it more clear and beautiful than ever. Gradually my thoughts turned into dreamy fancies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—for how long, whether for minutes or hours, I can not tell, but I woke in an instant, and with a sudden start and thrill. All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death. No, not so still; what was that which, as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth I had been in perils both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob me; they might even, in their anger and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no fire-arms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeyings, was by my bed's head now. Slowly and cautiously my hand stole out in the darkness and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and there—there by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, then stopped, as though listening, and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend, when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but one many years younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face and wild eyes. What was it? a spirit, an escaped mad woman, or some plot to frighten me? As that last thought came into my mind I summoned breath to ask: "Who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"O hush, hush!" moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's. "Don't speak, don't let them hear!"

"They! Who are *they*, and who are you?"

"I will tell—I came to tell;" and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a convulsive grasp. "I am a poor creature, whom, for eighteen months, those wretches have kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself that if I died for it I would come to pray you to protect me; and oh, dear Sir, kind Sir, have pity on me!"

As she gasped out those words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

"My poor woman," I said soothingly, in a whisper low as her own, "I will help you if I can, but you must show me how. What is your name, and why are you here?"

"They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dared not leave me behind to tell; so, when they had murdered him, they brought me here and shut me into the dreadful room up stairs. I am Ann Forrest."

The boy's tale, the Pearces's reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror I could not speak at first, I could hardly even think. At last I asked how she had freed herself.

"There were three rusty broken keys—I found them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there, and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again. They would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to-night she talked and cried about your being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded her, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key and it unlocked the door; and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing." She stopped at that last word, and looked at me with a wistful, searching glance. "I found you," she repeated; "and now, oh Sir, you will not forsake me."

"I will not," I answered; but when I paused to think a sense of our danger rushed upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret? I, with a wife and children looking to me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and if it came to the worst, then I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villains. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I *would* save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. "Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me." She started and shuddered.

"The key stuck in the lock; it would not come out," she said. "They may find it there, and then they will murder me, as they have threatened."

"Listen!" I whispered. "There is no sign that they have heard us yet. Go back and try—try with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they can not guess. I will watch: if you need me, cry out, and I will come—if not, wait and hope for the morning that shall bring you safety and release; only go now, before they find us together."

She seemed to understand, and moved toward the door submissively, then stopped: "You would not deceive me?" she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering any thing but her misery. She gazed into my face. "I know you would not," she said, in quite another voice, and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle; she crept into the passage, and I watched the tall dark form flitting along the gallery, her bare feet moving noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the back staircase and near the kitchen, the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept securely all those months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No; all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, closing the door, I softly crossed to the window-seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not twenty miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow: all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then waited for a while, and as the red rim of the rising sun showed through the trees, tramped noisily down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared; so crossing to the kitchen, I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood; he did not hear my step till I was close upon him, then turned sharply round. "You rise early," he said, in the old surly tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdling in sight of that wicked, murderous face I forced my lips to speak naturally. "Why, yes," I said: "I want to see something of the grounds before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?"

"I know naught about it," he answered: "there's nothing worth seeing any where about here."

"Where does the garden lie?" I asked. The instant I had spoken I felt that my question, meant to divert suspicion, had been a rash one. He looked up, a new expression in his eyes—was it fear or doubt?

"There is no garden now," he said, hastily; "it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be ready directly, if only that old idiot"—and he shouted his wife's name—"was here, as she should be."

The precious minutes were slipping fast away, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. Presently I said, carelessly: "Well, I'm just going for a turn in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me." I had not done speaking when the old woman's door opened, and I heard her foot beginning slowly to ascend the stairs. Was she going *there?* All might, perchance, be safe; but if that broken key *should* still be in the lock the secret was betrayed. In desperation I racked my brains for some device to bring her back. "Stay!" I exclaimed to the old man; "isn't that your wife? I want her to get me, if she can, some eggs and vegetables to take to town; I will pay well."

His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that promise, he never saw the agitation of my manner; he stepped to the door. "Meg," he called, "the gentleman wants ye. Come down, will ye?"

A pause; then she said from above: "I sha'n't be long."

I breathed hard.

"Come now," he called again; "the gentleman's waiting;" and then the foot came slowly down. A few minutes later, I saw her, with relief no words can tell, go off with a basket on her arm to the hen-house and garden. Now was my time, and there was not a moment to lose. Followed by old Pearce, I crossed the hall. As I stood waiting while he unfastened the door, the lad's words about the son came to my mind. He might be away; if so—if there were but this one man to face I would battle it out alone, and not leave her for an hour in their hands.

"I don't know," I said, carelessly, "whether your son's at home; if so, would he direct me, by-and-by, to Leekford, and carry my bag and basket?"

"Yes, he can go," was the reply.

That course, then, was hopeless, and I must try the other way. Slowly I sauntered along the wood-path, pausing from time to time to look with seeming interest at the trees and shrubs around me and back at the old house, and still that man stood in the door-way looking after me. At last I turned my head, and he was gone; but while within sight of those windows I dare not quicken my pace. A few steps more, and I was close to the old gate; I leaned upon it for a minute, then unlatched it, and passed through. All was still and quiet in the early morning light, save a rabbit bounding across the path and the rooks cawing overhead. I went on a little way, then stopped, and once again looked back. The old house was hidden now, and no human figure was in sight. Another glance, and then away like the wind through fields and woods, and over the common where a low red house stood in its solitude. On I went, into the fir plantation, through more fields, and then clambering a fence, made for a white house upon the brow of a hill near. That house, my boy guide had said, belonged to a Mr. Archer; and he had said, too, that he was a magistrate. Little as I had noticed his words at the time, all—the name, the place—had come fresh to my mind in my night-watch, and I was going there to ask his aid. On, on; and now my laboring breath was failing, and my feet seemed fastened to the ground; but still I struggled forward, and at last, thank Heaven for it! I had gained the door. Mr. Archer looked surprised; then led the way indoors to a small study. In a few hurried words I told him all; but as I went on I saw the wonder in his face turning to disbelief, and the kind, thoughtful eyes involuntarily glancing now at my disordered dress, now at my flushed and agitated face. He thought me mad. With a great effort I composed myself, steadied my voice, and said: "You think this a wild story, but I swear solemnly that every word is true, and I call on you as a magistrate to give me help."

He was silent for a moment; then replied: "As a magistrate and as a man I should be bound to help if this were so; but pardon me, it *does* seem a wild story; and I should hardly like, without strong proof, to enter a man's house with such a charge."

I laid my hand upon his arm. "Listen," I said; "I can give you this proof only, that on the truth of what I say hangs my own character. If you go with me and find it false you have only been deluded by a madman or a rogue; if you refuse to go after my words, her blood and mine may be upon your head, for I, at any rate, shall instantly return there."

He hesitated, then said: "You speak strongly; and at least, as you say my going can do little harm, I am ready."

I stopped him again. "Not alone. Let some of your servants go with us. Not for my own sake," I added, as a half-smile curled his lip; "I only ask one man's aid; but I would not draw you into danger; and they are both strong men, and may have to be secured."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not, you have been deluded," I repeated.

"Very well, so be it," he answered.

Half an hour later Mr. Archer and myself, with two servants, stood before the door of Brocklehurst Grange. All seemed as undisturbed and quiet as when I had left it, hardly more than an hour ago. Was it as peaceful within? Were they still going about their daily work, expecting my return, while the solitary prisoner up stairs waited and watched for me in suspense that would be ended now? I rang, but no one came at first in answer to the summons. A terror seized me. Could they have murdered her and fled, leaving the house deserted? There had surely not been time for that. No; there were steps sounding on the floor, and the rattle of the door-chain as it fell. A moment more and I should know. The key turned, and the door was opened wide this time by old Pearce alone, quietly regarding us with the old sullen look and no more. They had guessed nothing yet, and now it mattered little that the three men by my side must show him all.

"You have had a long walk, Sir," he said; "and what may this gentleman want?" as Mr. Archer stepped forward.

I looked him full in the face. "He has come to take Ann Forrest from this house."

At that name I thought to see him turn pale or spring upon me, but no feature altered—no change came over the dogged face. Then all at once my heart misgave me. Mr. Archer looked embarrassed.

"I would not willingly," he said, "intrude upon you, or suspect you of the horrible crime with which this gentleman charges you; but he is so positive, that, if you can, you ought, for your own sake, to clear yourself."

Pearce looked at him unmoved. "You are Mr. Archer, of Holme Green, I think. Why you are here, and what this man means, perhaps you can tell; for I can not."

"This is what I mean," I said. "Ann Forrest, whose master you murdered two years ago, is now secretly detained in this house lest she should accuse you as the murderers. She is in the room which you call a lumber-room, and I am going there now."

"You are welcome to go there or any where, all of you, though I know no right you have to search this house. It signifies little to me what you do, and this is all of a piece with your conduct this morning;" and turning on his heel, he went back to the kitchen.

My companions exchanged looks, and I saw that the old villain's cunning words had strengthened their suspicions of me. That strange, that horrible composure, what could it mean? With a sick heart I led the way up stairs to the locked door where I had stood the night before; it was locked now, and above it hung the key. Could I have mistaken the place? No, there was the narrow passage just before me, the winding staircase above me and below. I snatched down the key, unlocked the door, and entered a desolate room half filled with boxes and old furniture; beyond it was another room quite empty, with no sign in either of human habitation. This, then, was what the old man's calmness meant; yet I searched, searched despairingly on every side, in every nook and corner, Mr. Archer looking on silently the while. All in vain! She was gone, and not a trace of her was left. I went into the other rooms; I left no spot unvisited; I groaned aloud in my bitter remorse for having left her to her fate. What had that fate been? That was the thought that lay heavy at my heart as we went at last to the kitchen. As we were about to enter it, Mr. Archer drew me aside.

"You remember," he said, "your own words when you brought me here. I have been patient; I have given you every chance; now comes your turn. For my sake and your own, as well as the men you have wronged, you must confess openly either to a cruel slander, or—"

"An insane fancy," I said, finishing the sentence. "Not yet. There are gardens and out-houses; I must search them. They may even have carried her off."

"How could they in broad daylight? You here till an hour ago and no cart or horse about the place—that at least is impossible. Besides, the man is here."

I said nothing in reply. What could I say? The old man was still alone and sitting by the fire as we passed through the kitchen to the back-door. He raised his head, and, pointing to a basket on the table, said: "My wife got those ready before she went to market. I don't ask if you have found any thing up stairs, because there was nothing to find; but I hope you are satisfied."

I was silent; but Mr. Archer paused to say a few words before following me out upon my fruitless quest. Every where, in lofts and sheds, summer-houses and stables, round the gardens and yards—on all sides I hunted, and hunted in vain. The fowls in the chicken-yard, the old dog in his kennel were the only living beings that met my eyes; and turning to Mr. Archer, I said, at last: "I give it up."

"And withdraw your accusations?" he asked.

"It is useless pressing them," I answered, bitterly; "but how can I disbelieve my own senses?"

"Even our senses may deceive us," he said, quietly.

I knew what he meant very well. His first step, when we returned again to the kitchen, was to go up to old Pearce and apologize gravely and formally for the disturbance he had caused. His next was to turn to me, saying: "There can be no further reason for my remaining; I will wish you good-morning, hoping that your painful impressions may wear off."

His words came in strangely with the thought in my own mind. Was it, after all, a dream, a delusion of my own, created by the lad's story and the desolate house? Had that midnight visit existed in my own fancy alone? Was Mr. Archer right, and was I going mad? With that horrible idea now first striking me, I stood silent until Mr. Archer again repeated his farewell. Then I roused myself. "Good-by," I said. "After all, you may be right, and I wrong. Stop!" And my voice in a new tone echoed through the room. I was standing by the window, and close to my right hand was a common kitchen cupboard, and at that very instant I had heard a moan come from it. I never could have heard it had I not been so near; I could hardly hear it now; but I turned and laid my hand upon the key, and as I did so the old man with an oath sprang up and rushed upon me. There was a confused struggle, a loud outcry, and he was on the ground, and I was wrenching open the door. It yielded to my strength, and there, on the floor of that narrow closet, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay the poor woman for whom I had been seeking, powerless to move or cry out, though with help so near, and only able, by her desperate efforts, to utter that one faint moan which had just reached my ears. We lifted her up and unbound her, but she spoke no word, only her wild eyes roamed incessantly about, and she clung to me with a grasp that seemed as though it never would unloose. I and Mr. Archer led her away, leaving the two men to bring old Pearce afterward, for he made no resistance and only glared savagely round upon us all.

It was many hours before Ann Forrest could speak of what had happened to her; but that afternoon, in Mr. Archer's study, her hand still clasping mine, she told her dreadful tale—how in old times she had known the Pearces well, and once had even helped to nurse the woman; how they had asked her carelessly one day about her master's money-box and she had told them, not thinking any harm, and had never dreamed of any until the cruel deed was done. That evening she had been busy in the house till after nightfall, and then went down the garden to call her master in to supper; but as she neared the spot where he was wont to sit, she saw two figures bending over something on the ground, and as she stood to watch, saw, too, that it was her master who lay there, and running forward with a cry in sudden horror, had fallen the next moment stunned by a blow upon the head. She knew no more until she woke to find herself in the lonely room at Brocklehurst, and learned that they had brought her there to ward suspicion from themselves; that her life had for the time been spared, because the woman, bearing grateful memory of that old kind nursing, had vowed to tell all if they harmed her, and might have kept her vow; and so for all those terrible months one weak woman alone had stood between her and a frightful death. Of the end of that suspense, of the morning when the old man, coming up alone, had found the key, despite the frantic efforts she had made, still in the lock, and guessing the secret from that and from her terror, had bound and hidden her from her approaching deliverers, and arranging all things in her prison, had sent his wife and son away and staid himself on guard—of all this she could not even now speak without convulsive shudders, and we did not press her.

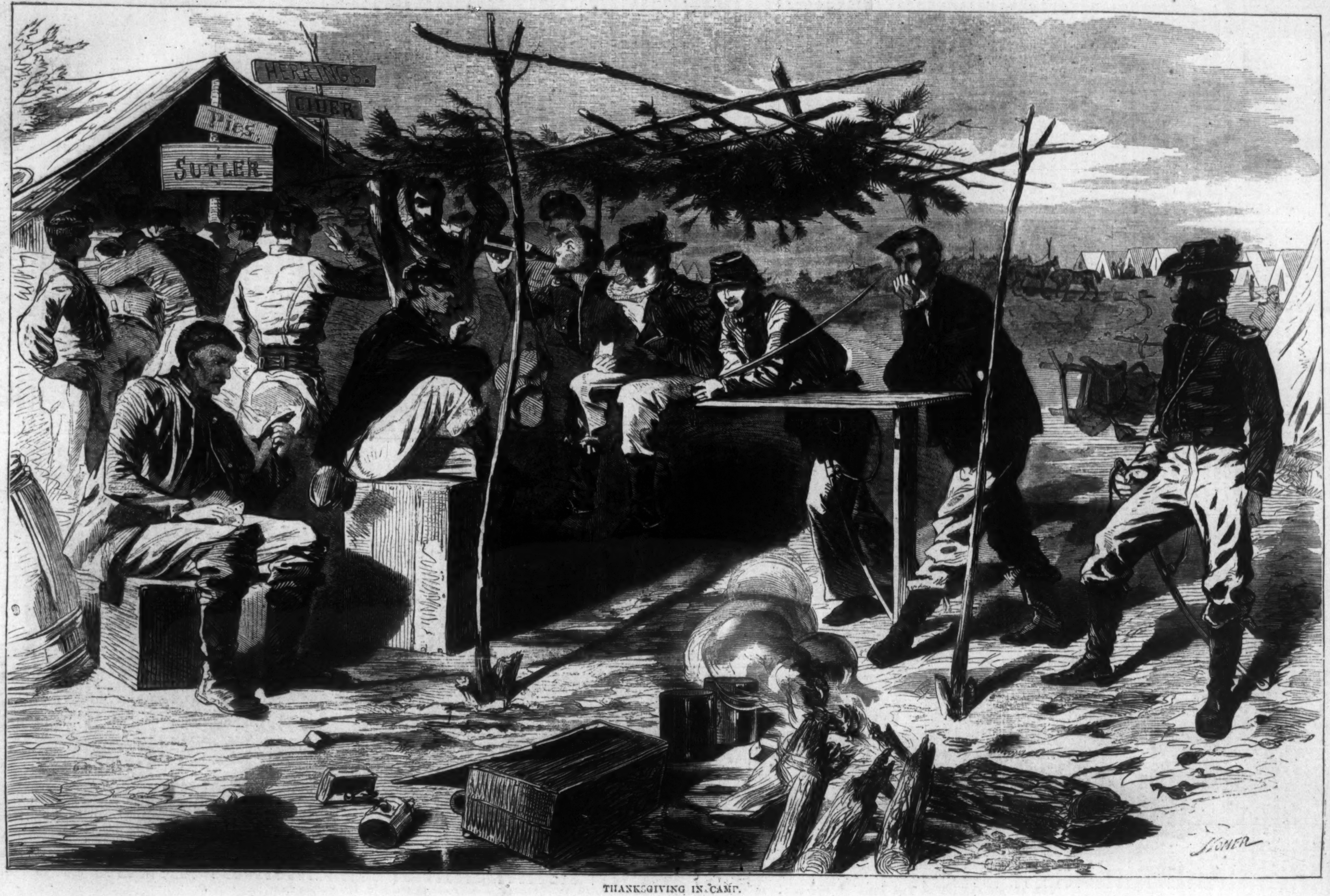
My story is well-nigh told. The father and son suffered for their crimes, the woman was mercifully dealt with. We did not take Brocklehurst Grange, for we could not bear that our innocent children should live in scenes darkened by such deeds; but we did go elsewhere. Years afterward there might be seen moving about our house a pale, tall woman, darkly dressed, gentle in manner, and very, very quiet. To her my wife turned for sympathy in every trouble; in her arms the children loved to lie when sick or sorrowful. From her I had the most faithful and devoted service; and she died at last, holding my hand, and thanking me with her eyes, even when her voice was silenced forever. Her name was Ann Forrest.

ONLY.

ONLY a woman's face,
  In the dark night and cold,
But, oh! the ghost of a vanish'd grace,
  And the pitiful tale it told!

Wrapt in a ragged shawl
  (Why was it not her shroud?)
It look'd as white as the moon at night,
  Through a rift in a driving cloud.

Only a few poor pence,
  And a few kind words addressing;
And all they brought was a kindly thought
  And a poor lost woman's blessing.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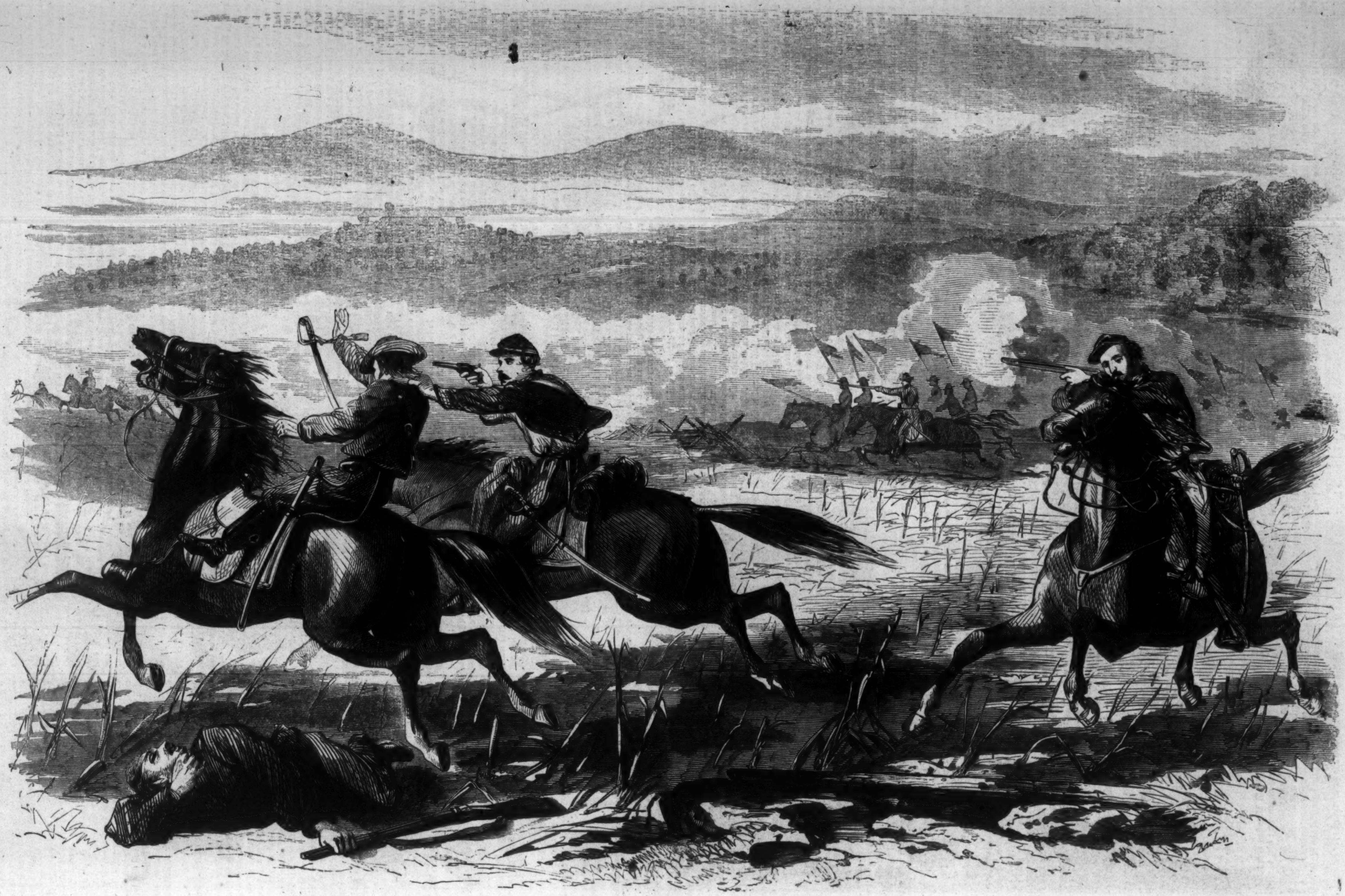

THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ATTACKING THE REBELS NEAR SNICKERSVILLE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 759.]

REGINALD MARSDEN'S ATONEMENT.

ALICE GRAFTON, the gentle heroine of this brief record of real life, had been committed to her aunt's charge when her father, Captain Grafton, and his beloved wife sailed for India, where, after three years' residence, Mrs. Grafton fell a victim to anxiety and an unhealthy climate. At the termination of the Scinde war Major Grafton returned to England sick and wounded. His native air, the tender assiduities of his maiden sister, Laura Grafton, and his young daughter Alice, and the peace and tranquillity of an English home, partially restored his health. To the unspeakable joy of Alice he rallied for a time, and traveled with her and his sister for three years in Switzerland and Germany; but an old wound having opened afresh, from over-exertion, he returned to England in a precarious state. Feeling that probably he might not recover, he summoned to Atwood his old school-fellow and most intimate friend, Mr. Marsden, under whose guardianship, conjointly with that of Miss Grafton, he desired to place Alice. Mr. Marsden was accompanied by his eldest son, Reginald. It was during this visit that an incident occurred which had a powerful influence upon the after-life of the three persons concerned in the occurrence. Reginald Marsden, at that time eighteen years of age, had rescued Alice from drowning, and had also saved the life of little Jessie Moore, a motherless child, whom Alice, pitying her neglected state, had made her little attendant and companion.

This Jessie Moore was one of those bright little beings whose faces sometimes beam upon us from beneath the shadows of a rustic porch, or from out of a frame of foliage clustering round a cottage window. She had a fervent and enthusiastic nature, an intense love of the beautiful, and, alas! perhaps an innate distaste for the rough realities of poverty. Two years after the handsome, dark-eyed lady had saved her life, poor Jessie was taken away from her gentle young mistress to accompany a drunken, brutal father to London, where she was apprenticed to a West-end milliner. Before the first twelvemonth of this apprenticeship had elapsed Jessie disappeared, leaving no trace by which she could be followed. Alice Grafton had been cruelly distressed at hearing this bad news of her favorite. Too pure to impute evil, she attributed Jessie's disappearance to some ill-treatment or unkindness from her mistress or her father. Miss Grafton caused an advertisement to be inserted in the *Times* imploring the wanderer to return, and she consulted Reginald Marsden as to the propriety of searching further for the missing girl. But he had answered her letter coldly, telling her that all that could be done had been done, and that further interference in the business would be useless.

Shortly after this Major Grafton died, and nearly five years elapsed before Alice and Reginald again met. During the interval Mr. Marsden had died, and on Reginald now devolved the guardianship of Alice. Previous to her coming of age, a few law matters requiring arrangement, Mr. Reginald Marsden had paid a visit of some weeks at Atwood.

Alice and he had met with mutual pleasure. Neither had forgotten the beloved playmate of childhood. The delight they felt in each other's society was soon perceptible to Miss Grafton, who neither promoted nor discouraged the growing attachment, but allowed—how often the wisest plan!—things to take their own course.

The evening before he was to leave Atwood, Reginald asked Alice to take a favorite walk and view the sunset from a neighboring hill. Both felt that it was their last walk for a long time together, and both were sad and silent. As they were gazing on a splendid autumn sunset, "Alice," said Reginald abruptly, "as yonder sun sets below the horizon, so will sink the sun of my happiness when I leave Atwood. I am unworthy to claim even a friend's place in your pure thoughts, yet I must tell you what your influence over me has effected. Do you remember, even in our childhood, how your sweet pleading eyes could calm my wildest passions? and through the years during which we have been parted, never have I done wrong but their mournful gaze was upon me. And now I feel that henceforth you are my guardian angel. If ever I shall achieve any thing great or good it will be your work." Alice answered not, but her hand trembled on his arm. "Alice," continued Reginald, after a pause, "if in future years I become less unworthy of you may I—dare I—hope? Or if you withhold your love, will you at least think of me as a friend?" Alice held out her hand. "I will be ever your friend, Reginald," she said; "more I dare not say. It was my dear father's last wish, that before I promised more, a paper, which he left in your father's care, should be consulted." "That paper is in my hands now," said Reginald. "May I give it you to-night? But, Alice, supposing your father sanctioned our—our union, what would your heart answer?" Alice placed both her hands in his. Reginald covered them with kisses.

The paper that Reginald opened that evening contained a wish that Alice's choice might rest on one of the sons of his valued friend, Charles James Marsden. Alice lay down to rest that night doubly blessed in the thought that her father had sanctioned her love.

The engagement between Alice and Reginald rendered a visit to London absolutely necessary, and Miss Grafton wrote to her family physician and intimate friend, Dr. King, requesting him to engage apartments in the neighborhood of Russell Square, where he himself lived. Alice felt a childish pleasure in this visit, and she determined to seize the opportunity of endeavoring to gain tidings of her lost *protegée*, Jessie Moore.

A happy month had passed away, almost like a dream, so swiftly had the days flown by in quiet visits to the picture-galleries, museum, and concerts; Alice always happy with Reginald by her side to direct her judgment and improve her taste. In the bright days of early summer they made frequent excursions to favorite spots within easy access of the metropolis. Charles Marsden now paid a visit to his brother; and by his cheerful manners and well-stored mind made a pleasant addition to the party. Though less accomplished and fascinating than his brother, Miss Grafton preferred Charles to Reginald, and wished that her niece's choice had fallen on the younger brother.

But Alice loved Reginald with the unquestioning devotion of her earnest, enthusiastic nature, with the perfect trust of an innocent heart. The very essence of this trustful first-love is its faith in the worthiness of the beloved. Shatter that quiet confidence, that perfect reliance, and you strike a blow to the very root of love. Pity, regret, sympathy, affection, may remain; but the love that has faith has perished.

Alice and her aunt sat one evening in their pleasant drawing-room, overlooking the Foundling Gardens, expecting Mr. Marsden, who came every evening, from his chambers in the Temple, to drink tea with Miss Grafton and her niece. Alice was silent, but it was the silence of content. She had spent the previous day with her aunt, Reginald, and Charles at Windsor. The splendid old palace and the noble park had claimed their admiration. They had rambled round the lovely Virginia waters, and lost themselves in the spreading forest, with its bright oases of flowers. A bright June sun had wrapped the young foliage in radiance, and with sunshine in their hearts and around them, they had all agreed that it had indeed been a most happy day. Many years passed before one of them could remember that day without a pang.

Alice sat at the window listening for Reginald's step, when a poorly clad, but respectable-looking woman caught her attention. A double knock sounded on the door below, but was not the familiar rat-tat, every stroke of which was music to Alice's ears. Mr. Charles Marsden was announced, the servant adding that a poor woman was waiting below, who begged to see Miss Alice. Charles brought his brother's excuses, whom earnest business detained at his chambers. Alice, with a sigh, went to the woman. In less than ten minutes she returned to the drawing-room. "Aunt, dear," she said, "I want Charles to go with me a little way; I think we may, perhaps, hear something of poor Jessie! Charles, will you come?" Mr. Marsden gladly assented.

"Charles," said Alice, as they left the house, "I did not wish to alarm my aunt, but I fear something terrible has happened to poor Jessie. Look here!" She handed him a slip of paper, blotted with tears, containing these words:

"Dear Miss Alice, I am so very, very miserable that, weak and guilty as I have been, I know you will pity me. Last week I saw your sweet face as you got out of a carriage, but I dared not speak to you—you so good and pure, and I so fallen and wretched. Oh, why did you not let me die six long years ago? When I saw you I resolved to write and entreat your pity for my poor baby, but it is useless now." The poor scrawl broke off abruptly, and the last words were almost illegible, so blotted were they with the tears that had fallen upon them.

It was a mean, narrow street to which the woman had directed Alice. She was watching for them at the door of a poor-looking house, and conducted them up a narrow, close staircase into a small room, which was scantily furnished, but neat and clean. In a cot lay a pretty child, about twelve months old. A smile rested on the little thin face, but the eyes were closed in death. Alice's tears fell fast as she looked at it, and listened to the woman's sad story of its mother.

"She was quite a young thing, Miss, though so pale and wan. She came here just before baby was born, nigh a twelvemonth back. How she did dote on it, to be sure! She was so sad, and never would speak to any one but me; and I think she took to me because I noticed baby. It was a nice little thing, with beautiful dark eyes; but it never throve. It had been ill some days, and its cries distracted its poor mother. Yesterday she said to me, 'Baby must have a doctor. I want you to go to such a house' (your house, Miss), 'and see Miss Alice, and tell her that little Jessie Moore, that she was so kind to years ago, entreats her to send a doctor to her little boy.' Then she told me, Miss, how you tried once to save her from drowning, and how she wished you had let her die then, that she might have been spared so much misery and sin. This morning, quite early like, she knocked at my door; never shall I forget her look as she said, 'Baby is dead! I am going out.' She was quite calm, and didn't shed a tear, but her eyes looked wild like. I went up—I soon went up to her room, and there lay the poor little thing dead. I washed and dressed it, and laid it in its little cot; all day I watched and waited for its poor mother to come back, but she never came. So I thought, Miss, I would make bold and come to you, as mayhap you might have seen her. I found the bit of paper with name on it, and there is another letter or something on that table, if you would please to look at it."

Almost mechanically Alice moved to the table, followed by Charles. The letter of which the woman had spoken lay there open, as the wretched girl had left it when she rushed from the house. At the same moment their eyes rested on these words: "Abandoned by you, I had still my child to cling to: it is dead; I can bear life no longer! May God have mercy on us!—JESSIE."

"I think this is the address, Miss," said the woman; "I took a letter for her there once, soon after baby was born. How she did long for an answer, poor thing! but it never came." The woman held toward Alice a torn, crumpled envelope; the name upon it was Reginald Marsden, Esq.

Alice took the crumpled paper from the woman's hand, and gazed at it with a strange, half vacant stare. Presently, rousing herself as from a trance, she whispered, "What can we do? think for me, Charles, for I can not."

Charles Marsden's first thought was to hurry Alice away. As they left the house they met Dr. King. "Dear Miss Alice," said he, hurriedly, "I have just left your aunt; I called to tell you that I think I have found your Jessie. It is a sad tale, though. A poor young woman, picked up out of the river, was brought to the hospital just as I was leaving to-day. The house-surgeon asked me to see her. It was a long time before they could get life into her again, so I tried a remedy which I once found succeed when other means had failed. Gradually she came to, and was able to speak before I left. As the nurses were chafing her hands a ring fell off. I took it up, and inside were engraved the words, Jessie M. Moore, I think you told me was the name. This poor thing does not look more than eighteen, so it is very likely your Jessie. But if you do not mind coming with me to-morrow, you can judge for yourself." The doctor soon left them.

"Charles," said Alice, "I can not go in just now, let us walk round the square."

They walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Charles Marsden looked, from time to time, at his companion's sweet face. It was as white as death, but as calm as the face of an angel. No tears quivered upon the soft dark lashes that drooped over the tender blue eyes; the delicate mouth was now and then disturbed by a faint, tremulous motion, painfully expressive of the speechless grief which had fallen so heavily on the untried heart. At last she murmured, rather to herself than Charles, "Oh, how dreadful the thought that he should have been guilty of such cruelty—such dishonor! Jessie—the girl whose life he saved, whom he knew in our happy home!"

Charles attempted not to console her; he felt too keenly that he could give no comfort here. No mortal voice, no mortal pity, could console her in such a grief as this. How mournfully they paced those pleasant leafy inclosures which Alice had looked upon so lately from her open window, listening to the merry voices of the children, and taking a pleased interest in their games! And now, in the bitterness of unutterable sorrow, she looked back at her past life, and wondered at its happiness. After a long silence she stopped at the gate of the inclosure and gave Charles her hand. "No one must know this but him," she said; "I will take care of Jessie. Charles, I trust to you."

When Alice re-entered the house she found her aunt occupied with some friends, and, leaving them together, she retired to her room—retired, not to sleep, not to think, but to pray. A dreadful blank had blotted out the bright picture of her life, yet she thought not of that, she thought only of Reginald and Jessie; with her whole heart and strength she pleaded for the guilty and the unhappy. She thanked God, oh how fervently! that life had been spared. A holy calm at length succeeded the agitation of her spirits; she rose from a sleepless couch and opened her window. The cool air of early morning fanned her heated cheek; the first bright streak of dawn shone through the trees, and shed a ray of hope on her heart. It seemed like a bright messenger from heaven sent to bid her not despair. She lay down and slept.

With a calm demeanor but a beating heart Alice accompanied Dr. King to the hospital. In a small room off the accident-ward lay Jessie, a blank image of despair. She raised her hot, heavy eyelids as the doctor entered, but when she saw Alice a burning flush suffused her features, and she covered her face with her hands. Alice bent over her in silence. At length a tear fell on the bowed head, and a tender voice murmured, "My poor Jessie!" The doctor left them together.

Tears now trickled through the thin fingers that were clasped before Jessie's face. "Dear Miss Alice," sobbed the wretched girl, "if you knew all, you too would shun me; you would shrink from me like the rest, and—"

"Hush, Jessie, not now," murmured Alice, in a soothing tone; "when you are better you shall tell me all. God has been very merciful in saving your life, and in bringing us together. In our greatest trials He will not forsake us if we trust in Him."

"Yes, you who are so good, but I—" A gentle hand covered her mouth.

"I have not had your temptations, my poor girl, but I too have suffered." The anguish of the tone went to Jessie's heart. The hand was pressed fervently to her lips. "Listen to me, dear Jessie," Alice continued more calmly. "You are very weak now, quiet alone can restore you. Leave every thing to me. I have seen your little boy."

Another flood of tears came to Jessie's relief, and Alice wept with her. With the quick perception of affection Miss Grafton soon perceived that Alice suffered from a deeper rooted grief than she could naturally feel from poor sinning Jessie's misfortunes. She missed from her niece's finger the ring that Reginald had given her, but she forbore to solicit a confidence that was not freely given, and with the tact of true sympathy avoided all allusion to Mr. Marsden. Poor Alice felt that hers was a grief too sacred even for affection to share.

In the evening Charles Marsden called, and he also shunned all reference to his brother, except while Alice was out of the room, when he apologized to Miss Grafton for Reginald's absence. When he left, Alice followed him into the hall, and gave him a small packet for his brother. It contained the ring.

That evening Jessie Moore was seized with the wild delirium of a brain fever. It was an anxious time for Alice and her aunt, who both spent many hours by the sufferer's side; and when reason at last returned tried every means in their power to soothe and cheer her. When all danger was over, Miss Grafton proposed to Alice that they should leave London, and go for a few weeks to the sea-side, and at Alice's request took a lodging near them for Jessie Moore, whose unaffected penitence had secured for her the pitying tenderness of the kind old lady. Once Miss Grafton spoke to her niece of Reginald Marsden: "I take it for granted, dear Alice, that all is over between you and Mr. Marsden. I seek not, darling, to know your secret, and I have such confidence in your strong sense and noble heart that I am sure that it is no girlish pique, no foolish misunderstanding, that has separated you." "It is not, indeed, my dear aunt." "And Mr. Marsden submits to your decision?" asked Miss Grafton. "He does; because he feels that I am right. The secret is of so painful a nature, dearest aunt, that if you would make me happy, pray never speak of it again."

Settled quietly at Eastbourne, it was a balm to Alice's heart to watch the bloom of health gradually return to poor Jessie's wasted cheek. The sea-breezes invigorated her drooping frame, and the sweet companionship of Alice elevated and strengthened her mind. Like most English women, Alice was undemonstrative; her mind, like her beauty, was less suited to dazzle the imagination than to win the heart. She had loved deeply, devotedly, yet she could judge justly for herself and others. The calm strength of her character, her firm trust in Divine love, gave her an unconscious influence over all who loved her.

Jessie, warm-hearted and impetuous, with more vehemence of character, and a far less regulated mind, clung to her with childlike devotion. Alice also rejoiced in the love she had inspired, and strove, like a ministering angel, to pour balm into the wounded heart, to awaken Jessie's mind to a just sense of the duties and responsibilities of life, and inspire her with that faith in the Divine love which shed so bright a light over Alice's own path.

Jessie's story was listened to with gentle pity, but never referred to afterward. Before she left London Alice received one communication from Reginald. He wrote thus: "Teach me what atonement I can make to you and to her. I can not love her, but I will marry her if you think it right."

When Jessie opened her heart, Alice had said, "Jessie, if he offered to marry you, not loving you, but from a sense of duty, would you marry him?" Jessie murmured, in a broken voice, "If his child had lived I might have answered Yes; but it is so different now. Do not think me proud, dear Miss Alice, but I can not accept his pity." Alice conveyed Jessie's answer to Reginald, and only added these words: "Jessie is my charge now."

Alice and her aunt now consulted seriously on Jessie's future. They thought it best that she should make a living for herself. She had a fine soprano voice, which, if cultivated, might give her independence. Alice's former singing-master was willing to receive the penitent girl into his family, and give her instruction in singing for three years, at the end of which time she might be able to gain her own living. Jessie parted with her noble young protectress with tears of gratitude, and resolutely and industriously began her new career. Mr. Leslie was so well satisfied with the beauty and flexibility of her voice, and pleased with her aptitude and gentleness, that he begged that, if he succeeded, as he hoped, in preparing her for a first-rate concert-singer, she would come out under his name.

Alice and her aunt went home to resume their old life at Atwood. Years passed on. Miss Grafton and Alice often saw Mr. Reginald Marsden's name in the newspapers as leading counsel in the Northern Circuit. He had early gained some standing in his profession. His ambition was gratified, Alice thought, but was he happy? Charles occasionally paid them a visit. He had for some years left college and entered on the duties of a country clergyman. An old friend of his father had given him a small living in a pretty Somersetshire village. He confided to Alice his own plans and prospects, but he dared not venture to speak of his brother's.

A half-yearly visit to Atwood and a regular and intimate correspondence only increased Jessie's devotion to Alice, who was her guide, her counselor, and friend. And when in her profession her great beauty and brilliant voice laid her open to flattery and temptation, the memory of the one blot on her early life, and the love of the gentle being who had rescued her from ruin, preserved her from danger. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, who had no children of their own, were as proud and almost as fond of her as if she had been their daughter, and she still resided with them. Six years had passed when Alice received a letter, written in a hand whose well-known characters she could not even now trace without emotion. It contained these words:

"Forgive me if I dare to break the long silence between us. For the pain which you suffered six long years since I ask not forgiveness. I can not forgive myself. In the calm sufficiency of your own pure life you can not realize the desolateness of mine. The bright hopes that I once cherished blasted through my own crimes, I shunned society and wrapped myself in my profession. I gained repute which brought no satisfaction, for I was alone. An angel once blessed my path; and though my own guilty madness had forfeited the blessing, still the memory of that pure love rendered all mercenary and unholy ties odious.

"You are, and have been for years, the loadstar of a far nobler heart than mine. I would not have it otherwise. Still there is one who once loved me whose tenderness I feel I could repay with devotion if she would only let me make reparation for the dreadful past."

This letter caused Alice much anxiety. There could be so little sympathy now between the misanthropic barrister and the beautiful songstress, whose short career in public had been one ovation of applause. True, Jessie still wore the ring he gave her, and Alice thought that, at all events, they had better meet. She therefore begged her aunt to invite the two brothers to meet them at Christmas, which festive season Jessie was to spend at Atwood. Miss Grafton, not a little surprised at the request, acceded to it, and sent an invitation to both the brothers.

One evening Reginald Marsden sauntered into Exeter Hall. It was unusual for him to visit any place of amusement, as he shunned any chance of meeting with his former friends. He was late, and seated himself under the orchestra. A lady was singing one of the beautiful airs of the *Messiah*. The earnest tones of the pure, clear voice seemed like a breath of the past, wafted over his hard, joy-less life, summoning him to a higher existence. His heart was softened; he longed to live a different life. Engrossed with these thoughts, he left the hall without even casting a glance at the singer.

It was a snowy afternoon when Charles and Reginald Marsden arrived at Exeter, and proceeded on the branch line to Atwood. The train, impeded by the snow, which had only been partially cleared from the line, moved slowly on. It had nearly reached the Atwood station when the danger-whistle sounded, and a red light gleamed in the distance. There was a sudden jerk—a crash. The engine was off the lines. Shrill screams of terror now arose on all sides. Lights and help were quickly on the spot. The two carriages next to the engine were shattered; several persons were seriously injured. Charles Marsden was not hurt; Reginald was taken up insensible.

An invitation to Atwood had been Alice's only answer to Reginald Marsden's letter, but he understood her motives, and felt that she had yielded to his wishes, and that he should meet Jessie Moore at Atwood. It was with strange, conflicting emotions that he had looked forward to meeting Alice and Jessie, and began the journey which had ended so unhappily.

Alice and her aunt were momentarily expecting the brothers. Their pretty drawing-room, gay with winter foliage—for Miss Grafton loved old Christmas customs—was lit up by a crackling log fire, which gilded even the snow-covered shrubs round the low bay-windows. A servant entered hurriedly, and said, "James has just come back, ma'am, and says there's been an accident on the railway, and one of the Mr. Marsdens is hurt."

"Send James instantly with the carriage for Dr. Wilmhurst."

In half an hour the carriage returned, and Alice, with a deathlike shudder, beheld Reginald, still insensible, carried into the house. The doctor was with him, who said the internal injuries were not dangerous; the brain was affected—slightly, he hoped. Great care and quiet were needed. An hour elapsed before consciousness returned.

For a month Reginald was confined to his room. Alice, with thoughtful kindness, had put off Jessie's visit, who happened to be with the Leslies, in Edinburgh, and so did not hear even of the accident, and Alice had given her no intimation of whom she was likely to meet at Atwood.

Charles had been obliged to return to his parish duties. It was with a sad, yet strangely-sweet feeling, that Reginald had, through his illness, felt himself the object of unceasing care from Miss Grafton and Alice. It was pleasant to know himself dependent on them alone.

Miss Grafton paid him daily visits; brought him books of Alice's choosing—not the romantic poetry that they had once read together, but Spenser, Longfellow, and those wholesome fictions that have strong plain truths in them. There was such a home-like feeling, too, at Miss Grafton's. Reginald thought with regret of going out into the world again; his world of toil and money-getting, where men's wits are sharpened and their hearts become stone. He trusted there might one day be a link between Alice and himself; not the one the breaking of which had caused such agony to both, but one of brotherly, sisterly affection. He had insisted, while his brother remained, that he should not bear him company; he liked to think of Alice and Charles being together, and had once or twice from his window watched them walking in the shrubbery.

With a languid step Reginald, for the first time, entered the sitting-room. Alice rose. She was very pale, and held out her hand. They looked into each other's face. What a change in both! He with the lines of care and thought deeply graven on his features, haggard with recent illness; she with the trace of a deep sorrow on her sweet face. She wheeled a chair for him to the fire, and gently expressed her pleasure at his recovery. For some minutes he could not speak; at last, with a choked voice, he muttered, "Alice, your forgiveness." She gave him her hand. His hot tears fell on it, as he bent over it and pressed it to his lips.

On the next evening Alice, her aunt, and Reginald were together in the quiet little drawing-room, in the dusky winter twilight, when Miss Leslie's arrival was announced. The young concert-singer, now an elegant-looking woman, greeted Alice and her aunt with the warmth of gratitude and affection; then, seeing a stranger, paused. Miss Grafton hurriedly introduced Reginald as a friend who had met with an accident on the railway. Mr. Marsden and Jessie saluted each other with the cold recognition of strangers. Alice drew her friend away—they evidently did not remember each other—she would tell her quietly next day. How daintily Alice arranged poor Jessie's collar and hair in the pretty little bedroom which had been prepared for the expected visitor! Jessie smiled at the trouble her friend took with her simple toilet. Certainly the beautiful face and graceful figure needed not the ornament of dress.

They returned to the drawing-room. The lamp had not yet been lighted. Reginald Marsden was seated in an easy-chair, between the fire-place and the piano, which had been moved into a cozy corner, close to the angle of the chimney-piece. The red blaze of the fire rose and fell, sometimes vividly illuminating the chamber with its cheerful light, sometimes leaving all in shadowy obscurity. Jessie and Alice seated themselves near the window, and at a considerable distance from the invalid. Presently, however, in the course of an animated conversation about music, the young songstress alluded to a duet which she wanted Alice to learn.

"I have arranged your music on the piano, dear," Alice said. "Will you fetch this wonderful duet?"

Jessie glanced shyly at the fancied stranger; but rising from her seat, crossed the room toward the open piano.

Reginald watched the graceful figure with a listless glance; but as she approached him the blaze flashed suddenly upward, and for a moment all was as bright as day.

Reginald Marsden started from his half-reclining position as if he had seen a ghost.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed; "Jessie, Jessie! my wronged, unhappy girl!"

He fell on his knees at her feet, lifting his pale face toward her own. He remembered nothing but her sorrows and her devotion.

"Alice," he cried, "Alice, angel of my life, this is your work!"

"It is, Reginald," sobbed Jessie; "but for that noble friend I should indeed have been utterly lost."

"But you have been saved, Jessie, and it is not yet too late to atone. Alice has taught me my duty. My poor girl! to think that I should not have known you!"

Two months later there was a quiet wedding. Charles Marsden, Alice, and Miss Grafton alone were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden went to pass some months in Italy. Reginald's constitution had sustained too severe a shock to permit him for a long time to resume his profession, even if he should ever be able to do so. It was likely that the railway company would be obliged to give him large damages; still his wife felt with honest pride that she too could contribute to his support.

A few weeks after the wedding Alice received the following letter:

> "DEAR ALICE,—Feelings of delicacy toward you, and of pity toward my brother, have made me lock up in my own heart sentiments of admiration, affection, reverence, which to have revealed would have been the happiness, the glory of my life. Can you, will you accept them now? I ask not for that angel's love you once felt for another. Alas! I loved you then, and would cheerfully have given my life to have saved you one pang. From boyhood you have been the bright star of my life. Alice, I love you with the whole trust of my soul—with the whole strength of my being. Will you accept this love?
>
> "CHARLES."

In a few months there was a second wedding, as simple in its arrangements as the first; and almost immediately afterward Alice and her aunt left Atwood, and went to live at the parsonage-house of Charles Marsden's new parish.

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Dear Sir—I would state that I was induced to use BRANDRETH'S PILLS through the recommendation of John R. Swift, of Croton, Westchester County, who was entirely restored to health by their use. He was sick for some two years, very costive and dyspeptic, and he tried everything, but was not relieved. Finally, he took one Brandreth's Pill every day for a week, and a dose of six Pills every day for three days, and then took one Pill every day, with occasional doses of six. In one month he was able to go to work, and in three months was well, gaining 40 pounds in weight.
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WESTCHESTER COUNTY, ss.
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